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NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1894.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

ALL-Among Ourselves

Who Was To Blame for the late labor troubles?

THE public will probably get the facts in the case Hon, John D. Kernan of New York, Judge N. E. Worthington of Peoria, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, have been named by the Presi-dent as members of a Commission to investigate the recent strike. It is understood that the three gentlemen named have accepted.

EX-SENATOR TRUMBULL of Illinois and ex-Collector Daniel Magone declined to serve, the latter simply in-timating to the President that he would prefer to have some one designated in his stead. In an interview, Mr. Trumbull said that he had every desire to aid the cause of labor, but could not see how he could be of any benefit in this case. He could not see where there was any controversy that could be settled by a Commission. The President has no power to appoint a board of arbitraresident has no power to appoint a coard of arbitration, but he can appoint a Commission. The Commission is deprived of any right to make a binding decision. The whole act under which the Commission is appointed is based upon a "dispute" between railroads and their employes, yet the basis of this controversy lies in the differences between the Pullman Company and its em-ployes. The Pullman Company, in its corporate sense, is not engaged in the business of interstate transportation, for all its rights are leased to railroad companies.
The Interstate Commerce Commission has ruled that
the Pullman Company is not engaged in interstate business. The striking employes at Pullman do not, there-fore, according to Mr. Trumbull, come under the juris-diction of the act under which the President has just appointed this Commission. For these reasons ex-Sena tor Trumbull says his declination is final and positive.

It is certainly very much to be regretted that the distinguished jurist sees the matter in this light. If what he says is true, Pullman may refuse to recognize the Commission in any way. If he is not doing an interstate business he can, of course, refuse to bring his affairs under an act intended to cover that class of busi-But it is more prob the O'Neill Act is. ness only—as the O'Neill Act is. But it is more probable that both Pullman and his employés, and Debs and his fellow-indicted labor leaders, will go before the Commission and make the best showing possible. All these, with the exception, perhaps, of the Pullman er ployés, have considerable to explain. All of

Tue two gentlemen who are to act with Commis-The two gentlemen who are to act with Commissioner Wright are peculiarly well-fitted for the duties of the position. John D. Kernan is the oldest son of the late Senator Francis Kernan of New York. He is a successful lawyer, and is especially well qualified to deal with railroad matters. Judge Worthington of Peoria is widely known for his close sympathies with the wage-earner. He has served two terms in the House of Representatives, being elected for one term against a candidate who stumped the district as the representative of the "wealth, intelligence and aristocracy," while Worthington claimed to represent the people

If the members of the Commission work harmoni-If the members of the Commission work harmoni-ously together with the one aim of getting at the truth, it may become historic. It is time to put a stop to these labor uprisings. Commissioner Wright and his asso-ciates should go into the whole subject, from the al-leged paternalism of Pullman to the present deplorable condition of thousands of good men who quit their work when the trouble began, and will not, perhaps, be reguthe Commissioners are at work they should not neglect to look into the alleged determination of the railroads to blacklist every man engaged in the strike. No good—and possibly much harm—will come of striking the strikers after they are down. The great bulk of them do not deserve any such treatment. And, besides, the American Railway Union is not dead yet; and Eugene Debs has just got out of jail.

* *

In the Senate, last week, Senator Gorman of Mary and delivered a speech in reply to some of the statements of the Cleveland-Wilson letter, which imputed "perfidy" to the Senators who succeeded in taking certain raw materials from the free list of the Senate Tariff Bill. Senator Gorman established the fact that the President and Secretary Carlisle had been frequently consulted, from time to time, while the more than three hundred amendments were being added. The Senator from Maryland, Vest of Missouri, Jones of Arkansas, and the other "Conservatives," thought that the President was satisfied that the bill was the best they could get, if he was not wholly satisfied with the bill. Hence when the personal Cleveland-Wilson letter was read to an indignant House of Representatives by an indignant an indignant House of Representatives by an indignant Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, who got permission to read it from an indignant President of the United States, Senator Gorman felt called upon to pour out a flood of passionate indignation upon the to pour out a flood of author of the letter.

NEXT day Senator Hill of New York came to the defense of the President, in a speech that contained a great many more I's than the senior Senator from New York is in the habit of using, and certainly more than there was any need of. But Senator Hill was good-nat-ured about it. The Hill-Cleveland breach ought to be considerably narrowed after that speech. It is a long time since the man in the White House has seen such pleasant words about himself in print—from Hon. David B, Hill. Senator Hill will not vote for the Wilson Bill with the income tax. His argument in favor of free coal and free iron ore, in which he warmly commended the President's demand for these two items, has no reference to his final action when the tariff measure ever does, or whatever it turns out to be—finally
omes to a vote. If he intends to defeat the measure as a whole, in order to kill the income tax, his scene of operations will be the Senate at an early date. If the Conference Committee agree to free coal and iron, the fight in the Senate will see all the Conservatives and Hill joining with the Republicans to defeat the Senate Hill-Wilson-Cleveland mixture.

In this event Senator Hill's kind words will be poor consolation to President Cleveland, who must take his only comfort from the consideration that he had an unruly Congress on his hands, and that he succeeded in keeping them from fathering the Republican policy of protection in the name of the Democracy. Senator Hill, on his side, will smile at the Cleveland-Democratic World, the Democratic House, the Democratic Adminis tration, the Democratic Senate and the Populist Propa-ganda, all of which and all of whom seemed to think they would get an income tax in spite of Hon. David B.

In the midst of all this pleasantry and formal explanation and legislative sharp-practice it will probably bore the patchwork statesmen to be told that the business of the country is almost at a standstill, that other needful legislation is being neglected, and that all this patchwork legislation and hair-splitting of tariff rates is wrong, mischievous and utterly absurd.

If the Democratic Congress and Administration to replace the McKinley protective tariff law with a Democratic measure there are three ways of doing it. The New York Sun names one, a genuine tariff for revenue only, under which every imported article shall bear a uniform rate of duty-say thirty per cent ad valorem. If this rate produces an excess of revenue, it can be reduced from one fiscal year to another, or at longer intervals. If it gives incidental protection, that cannot be helped, and the tariff taxation will be equal, at all events, as all taxation should be.

THE second substitute for the McKinley Law is moderately protective measure, including no free list, except the patient farmers' wool from the meek and lowly sheep, for neither of these will object. Except also, the pine baron's lumber that ought not to be chopped down, for a few more generations, anyhow, on this side

of the Canadian border, owing to the Northwest winds. So says Editor Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and he ought to know, for he lives up there. The second substitute is favored by the Democratic Senate. Senator Gorman says he has votes enough there to pass it against Gorman says neme.

Hill and the Republicans.

* *

THE third substitute is the Wilson-Cleveland system based upon free raw material. I have explained this, as I understand it, in these columns before. The object of this system is to reach the markets of the world. In its point of view is an enlarged American merchan marine. In order to reach the markets of the world American manufacturers must manufacture more cheaply. Free raw materials will enable them to do this to some extent. Certain manufactured commodities can then be bought more cheaply by workmen, and the latter can work more cheaply. Then more com-modities will be used and more must be manufactured. giving employment to more workmen.

Now, let us start over again. At first, raw material Now, let us start over again. At first, raw material was cheaper. Now labor is cheaper. Soon the markets of the world will be reached, slightly at first; but reached. The American manufacturer will have more money drawn from abroad. Money here will become plenty and cheap. Workmen will be more steadily employed, and, as Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Wilson said at the beginning, the workman can work for less when he is more steadily employed. steadily employed.

This is not my system or reasoning. It is the Wilson-Cleveland substitute for the McKinley Law. While I do not favor the fiscal and industrial revolution that it foreshadows and will certainly bring about, if adopted, there is no difficulty in admitting that it is the only Democratic fiscal policy at present before the country. The system has working parts. It is the beginning of absolute Free Trade. In connection with the income tax, it is almost an exact counterpart of the fiscal system that, in 1846, succeeded the abolition of the Corn Laws, under Peel, in England.

ountry is not in a position, in my judgment, to undertake this great revolutionary fiscal scheme, be cause we are a debtor country, whose undeveloped nat-ural resources have greater possibilities of created wealth than any world's commerce can give, and should be attended to first, even before we aspire to a great merchant sarine. But, as said before, it is the real Democratic scal policy of the day, and should be placed before both ouses of Congress at once. If Congress passes it and the President approves, the people can undo their action in the cool and deliberate autumn. Let the Wilson Cleveland system be passed upon at once.

PENDING an appeal to the sober second thought of the intelligent voters of this country, I insist, 1. That the cause of the present business depression is twofold, the suspense, uncertainty and threat of fiscal revolution and the unconditional demonetization of silver, followed by the outflow of gold to Europe. 2. That there is a conspiracy against this country on the part of European banks and investors, and we had better be on our guard. 3. That our Government and our people are neglecting the internal development of the country. 4. That a system of corporate labor Unions is imperatively de-manded, and that it is no trouble to get it, because the Unions already exist, and need but the addition of the rporate joint-stock feature. 5. That the population the United States needs to be re-distributed by a plan of domestic colonization, and that it is cheaper to do this than to leave the population in its present state of aimless wandering, starving dependence, overcrowd-ing on one hand and enduring the hardships of sparsely settled regions on the other. ONCE A WEEK readers are in favor of something being done.

THE French Chamber of Deputies had a stormy time t week rejecting amendments to the Anti-Anarchist Under this bill-which will probably become law —newspapers will not be allowed to publish the proceedings of Anarchist trials. The Socialist and Radical Deputies are bitterly opposed to these repressive measthe physical representation of the proposed to these represented measures. They have justice on their side when they say that Anarchism takes root in Governmental corruption, and that repression of free thought and free speech will not cure the evil. It is hard to tell, indeed, what will cure the evil. I propose to cure the Anarchist, or to keep him imprisoned from one term to another, as other dangerous chronic criminals are kept by the police.

In the August Forum Henry Holt suggests "old, old Fashion, Death" as a remedy. Let the State tell the professed or known Anarchist to leave the country, says Mr. Holt. If he comes back, the State is to put him to death. If he goes to any other civilized country he will meet the same remedy. The wild and desert places of the earth are all that is left for him. And yet this Anarchist has the form and seeming of a fellow-human. Mod-ern civilization ought to be able to handle him without the death penalty. If Mr. Holt's terrible expedient is all we have left, it is time to call in scientists and ascertain if anything else can be devised.

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As we go to press the tariff situation has been simputed. If President Cleveland and Chairman Wilson will accept iron and coal on the dutiable list, a few minor changes, probably in the sugar schedule, will be made by the Senate, a modified Gorman Bill will pass and become law, and the great Wilson-Cleveland fiscal system, based on free raw materials, will be postponed for the present. As the latter is the fiscal revolution about which so much has been said, its final setting aside with the consent of its authors ought to restore confidence in the breast of even the ultra-protectionist manufacturer or business man. manufacturer or business man.

But, at present, I cannot picture Grover Cleveland to myself signing a bill that is not only against his own best judgment, but has been brought to the front and kept there in the midst of intense bitterness, hostility

kept there in the midst of intense bitterness, hostility and denunciation against himself personally. I will renture the guess, therefore, that Wilson and Cleveland will not be "in such humor won."

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CANADA charges five dollars' license fee for fishing in Canadian waters, even for sport. This country does not tax fishing for sport at all. Thousand Island boatmen have sent a committee to Washington to see about it

This is the way the Sun pokes fun at George Gould's efforts to win in the series of races between the Vigilant and the Britannia:

and the Britannia:

"Alas, poor Wiggilant! They want you to make bricks without fraw, to sail without wind. They must think that you're a sew. cut., over-sparred steamer, just as they supposed at one time was the case with the original cup-snatcher, the America. Never mind, dear girl. Stay with them until the wind can't hold his breath any longer and blows off strong and steady."

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WHEN the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé receivers decided, the other day, to blacklist all Union workmen, did they stop to think that Eugene Debs has just got out of jail, and will have his fighting togs on presently? Is the Atchison looking for trouble?

Is the Atchison looking for trouble?

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You remember Once a Week said the other day that Anarchist Mowbray, newly landed, was liable under the law? The authorities are hunting up his record with a view to deporting Charles Wilfred and

CHINA and Japan have had one battle at sea off the coast of Corea, in which several Chinese transports loaded with troops were sunk, causing great loss of life. The Japanese loss was inconsiderable. Japan still holds the King of Corea prisoner, and seems to be the aggressor and by far the more aggressive of the two great Powers.

o great Powers.

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THOSE who are best acquainted with the Orient are of Those who are best acquainted with the Orient are of the opinion that China will be victorious in the long run, owing to her enormous resources and unlimited wealth. Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, is probably one of the greatest of living statesmen, as well as a determined chief commander who has the enormous Empire well in hand. Unless a truce is patched up before these lines are read, this war may become the fiercest and most destructive in the annals of bloodshed. The rest of the world will learn more about these stranger nations than it was ever possible to learn before.

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The Japanese navy is superior, in point of excellence, to that of China, but it is thought that China will purchase modern improved European warships. There is of course no comparison between the enormous land

is of course no comparison between the enormous land force available to China, and that of Japan; but the latter has the better soldiers. China has monster battlelatter has the better soldiers. China has monster battle-ships that can be used with terrible effect, weather permitting. Within the last fifteen years China has acquired a considerable fleet of vessels built in European shipyards. She has five battleships, nine port-defense vessels, fifty-six cruisers, forty-three torpedo boats. Out of these there are six armored ships and twenty-five unarmored ships that are seaworthy. These are nearly all steel. Japan has thirty-seven seaworthy war vessels.

THE London Morning Post announces that any alteration of the feudatory position of Corea will adversely affect China's guarantee to Great Britain in 1886. If these Oriental dogs of war are finally let slip at each other, I do not see how Great Britain is to keep out of the fight out of the fight.

Under the French Anti-Anarchist Law the Anarchist who commits a capital crime will be confined in a dungeon from the time of his arrest until he is put to death, except during a brief trial, to which the public or the press will not be admitted. He will be known by a number instead of by a name. His photograph will not be sold. He cannot receive visitors. He will be tried by State Judges instead of by a jury of his peers. When the State finally puts him to death, his grave will be unknown. His relatives will never know what has become of him, except that he is dead, or gone to exile for life, unless he comes home free to them after his secret trial. But in the present temper of the French Government it is not likely any of the Reds will ever go free out of the Trial Judges' room. France is vengefully

in earnest as she stands weeping at the grave of Presi-

THE Anarchist State prisoners of Illinois had a terrible reckoning for the Chicago Haymarket tragedy—those of them, at least, who went to the scaffold. The imprisoned Anarchists of that time were well-nigh scared to death before their sentence to imprisonment was announced. But since their pardon by Governor Altgeld their fate is in striking contrast to what the fate of the Reds will be in France in future. Seven of them of the Reds will be in France in future. Seven of them of the Reds will be in France in future. Seven of them are keeping large and prosperous beer saloons as a result of their fame at those famous trials. But, as I understand it, they were pardoned on condition that they would not talk Anarchism. Of course they are glad to comply with this condition. What the Anarchist dreads more than death is the prospect of being restrained of his liberty during the remainder of his natural life. These Chicago ex-Red saloon-keepers have been converted. They are keeping their word. Why is there not an object lesson in this? A right course of prison discipline ought to be good for these restless specimens of humanity.

The first fruit of the New York police investigation has just been gathered, not by the Lexow Committee, but by the Board of Police Commissioners. Captain Doherty and two of his ward detectives have been dismissed from the service, and seven other police officers have been suspended pending their trials. It is but fair to state that Captain Doherty's counsel says he is confident that his client will be reinstated. It is announced that the fallen Captain was found guilty of taking a disreputable woman, Mrs. Thurow, as bondswoman for the inmates of her house; and that the charge of taking protection money from keepers of disorderly houses was not proved to the satisfaction of the Board.

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CHIKO is dead. While at Central Park menagerie he chiko is dead. While at Central Park menagerie he attracted the attention of scientists as a remarkably intelligent Chimpanzee. He was a great favorite with his alleged rich relatives, the public. His only drawback was his bad temper. He died at Dayton, O., in Barnum & Bailey's menagerie. He has been fixed up like a human mummy and sent on here to New York. Peace to the stilly monkay business! man mummy and control this silly monkey business!

shot him so that he died next day.

* *

In the next act the Mexicans of the old town called at Green's house in Las Vegas, with a warrant. Ely Green, a brother of William, met them at the door. While they were parleying William entered the room and one of the Mexicans opened fire upon him. There was a general fusillade, the Green brothers pouring lead

was a general fusillade, the Green brothers pouring lead out of their Winchesters into the crowd with deadly effect. After the smoke lifted Juan Sandoval was dead and several other Mexicans seriously wounded.

* *

In the next act, the Sheriff came with a posse and demanded the surrender of the Green brothers. They refused because they feared foul play from the Mexicans. City Marshal Clay telephoned for United States troops to East Las Vegas, and Lieutenant Crawford came with a detachment of the Tenth Infantry. An agreement was made that the Greens should be conveyed to military headquarters, which was done.

* *

In the meantime the Mexican who went gunning for Jose Gallegos with William Green fell into the hands of his fellow-countrymen in the Old Town, and was dragged to jail there. Lieutenant Crawford demanded the Mexto jail there. Lieutenant Crawford demanded the Mexican also, and the Sheriff and his posse refused to give him up. Excitement was at fever heat, July 28. The Governor of New Mexico was sent for. Another lynching or another outbreak was expected.

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In all of this there is a striking illustration of the fact that constables like William are needed at many of our outposts of civilization, and also that such men are liable to need troops every little while. This is a great country and no mistake.

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The first battle between China and Japan was the sinking of transports with Chinese troops aboard. China

THE first battle between China and Japan was the sinking of transports with Chinese troops aboard. China has a great many more troops to spare than her enemy, but drowning them en masse is a process during which even the Chinese half-billion will not hold out long.

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THE hot west winds off the prairie at Belle Plain, Ia., found a linear stable of relating to the afternoon of July.

the not west winds off the prairie at Belle Plain, Ia., found a livery stable after late on the afternoon of July 27, and before nine o'clock that night the business portion of the pleasant little city, consisting of sixty buildings, was wiped out, causing a loss of a half-million dollars, with one-third insurance.

The great West is almost burned up, with drought, hot winds, and a thermometer up in the nineties and hundreds for several weeks. The corn crop must be ruined in many sections, as there was corn-killing weather of the same kind at the end of May and early in June, when even the early corn was struggling into existence.

THE country has had so many other bad spells of one kind and another, that any extensive crop failure will test our people and our national staying powers as they have never been tested before. If the month of August has anything like the recent July weather in store, and even Mother Earth should refuse to lighten the burdens of the country, the coming winter will be a gloomy one in hundreds of thousands of homes.

in hundreds of thousands of homes.

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THE little city of Phillips, Wis., has had a visitation. Sunday morning's sun, July 29, rose in the midst of a dense smoke from one hundred square miles of blazing forest, of which that little city was the centre. The town was a heap of ruins in a few hours. More than two thousand people were driven from their homes, many of whom were overcome or suffocated by the smoke and heat. The money loss will reach nearly two million dollars. Relief has been sent, and Governor Peck went to the scene to preserve order and superintend the distribution of supplies.

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THE political situation in New York State and city took more definite form at the end of last week. ExSenator Thomas C. Platt, the Republican leader, favors a mixed ticket to down Tammany in the Metropolis, but he insists that the candidate for Mayor shall be a Republican. It was announced on Monday, July 30, that Mayor Gilroy would not accept a renomination.

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As the State at large seems to be already safely Republican for some time to come. Platt's guns will be

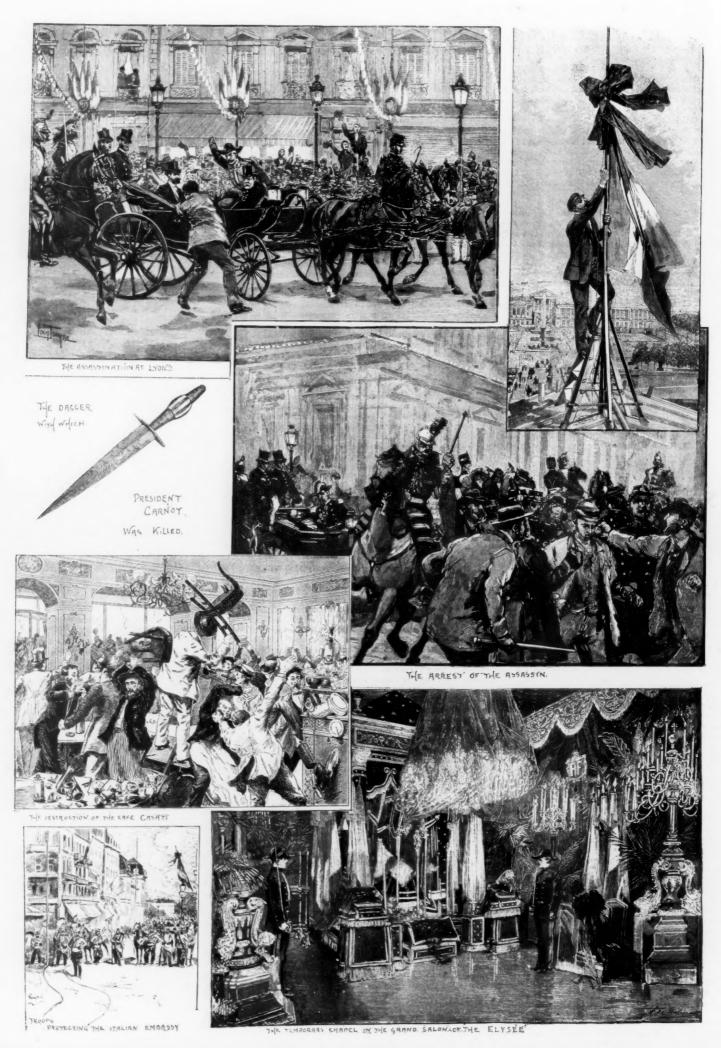
As the State at large seems to be already safely Republican for some time to come, Platt's guns will be trained upon Tammany to insure the election of a Republican Governor, and if possible to wrest the city government from the Democracy altogether. Though there are rumors to the contrary, close investigation reveals the fact that Tammany is in good fighting trim; and whatever jealousies and dissensions may exist, they are easily offset by the Republican quarrels of the Milholland-Tribune forces and the Committee of Thirty. As Senator Hill will come into the State and city campaign in a few weeks, Tammany, and even the Democratic State machine, may still be counted in the fight.

Is it not about time that the United States Army should be so detailed as to act as Mounted Police along the Southern border? A band of thieves led by an American have rounded up two thousand head of cattle from the different ranches in the Big Bend country of Western Texas, and have driven the stolen animals across the river into Mexico, and thence into the Sierra Maintel Mannesine. Mojada Mountains.

A GREAT many prostrations from heat were reported last week from all parts of the country. The esteemed New York World recommends plenty of milk during the hot weather, and insists that not much of other kinds of food will be required, that meat once a day is plenty, that ice-cold drinks are not good. I find in the Home columns of the New York Morning Advertiser the following:

"A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin these warm days. It is strengthening and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way the egg tonic is really a delightful drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate and add a pinch of salt, then with a broad-bladed knife beat it to a stiff froth; now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish, then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juices may be used instead of orange or lemon, or even brandy if the doctor has ordered it."

Why say anything about it at all? The Britannia has won nearly all those races in British waters. Mr. George Gould's yacht is hardly in the contest. It is true, high authorities here in New York say the American yacht is the better of the two, that the Britannia has slightly the advantage when there is little or no wind, that there have been quarrels on board Mr. Gould's craft, and she will win a race or two when all is fixed up. The young railroad king is having a royal good time. Everybody I kes him. He may be losing wads of money to the Brit in royal and upper-circle sports to humor them, though many who have known him here say Mr. George J. Gould is not built that way. One wild rumor is, that he is losing now and will do some heavy betting on a race before coming home in which he will make up his other losses and make some of the British sporting blood very tired and gaunt as to its pocketbook. Though that is an old Gould game, I do not credit the rumor. It looks as though Mr. Gould went abroad for a good time. But the Vigilant is not in it yet, poor thing!



INCIDENTS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT AT LYONS. FRANCE.





ETHLEHEM, N.H., July 25, '94.—The members of the Hay Fever Association—the society which Henry Ward Beecher loved, fathered and cherished—are gathering up here now for their twenty-first annual convention. They come of age this year; and they meet to congratulate each other upon the fact that now, being fully matured, they will be wiser than before and able to worst their enemy. All the members—and they number hundreds from every State in the Union, and from most of the Territories—are able to greet each other with an "Ah catchoo!" and all can boast either an asthmatic cough or a very red nose, which attributes are the only things necessary to membership, besides the dollar which pays for pamphlets and medical talks. The only real comfort which the sufferers have is that, according to some medical authorities, they cannot catch grippe in winter. And this comfort, though of the negative sort, seems to bring a degree of cheer. Many very celebrated people have belonged to this Association. Dr. McCosh of Princeton is one of its most active members; and Henry Ward Beecher never ceased to extol it and work for it. Founder Bradley of Ocean Grove is one of its vice-presidents, and its past presidents have been Judge Briscoe of Connecticut; Judge Grant Goodrich, Chicago; Colonel M. Richards Muckle, Philadelphia, and Professor Samuel Lockwood, Freehold, N. J. Among its secretaries have been W. M. Davis, Syracuse; Edmund S. Hoyt, Portland, Me.; C. E. Bushee, Boston, and C. C. Dawson, Lowell, Mass.

Its officers for the past year, and now reigning, are: President, Frank B. Fay, Chelsea, Mass.; Secretary, Rev. John Peacock, Holmesburg, Pa.; Vice-Presidents, F. W. Devoe, N. Y. Henry D. Pierce, Indianapolis; H. T. Dewey, Brooklyn; Hon. Emery Speer, Macon, Ga.; Rev. W. H. Fish, Massachusetts; Charles E. Carpenter, Rhode Island; Arthur F. Whitin, Massachusetts; Charles E. Carpenter, Rhode Island; Arthur F. Whitin, Massachusetts; Charles E. Carpenter, Rhode Island; Arthur F. Whitin, Massachusetts; Charles E. Carpenter, Rhode Isl

There is also a large advisory board of ladies, wives and friends of the officers, and on this board are:

Mrs. W. W. Conover, New Jersey; Miss E. S. Mead, Connectic Mrs. H. M. Field, Newton: Mrs. Fred L. Moore, District Columb Mrs. Joseph Stockbridge, Philadelphia; Mrs. Belle Sutton, Brookly

Mrs. F. M. Bradley, District Columbia; Mrs. Nelson F. Evans, Philadelphia; Mrs. G. I. Grout, New York; Mrs. W. H. Littell, Long Island; Miss W. O. Parris; District Columbia; Mrs. J. T. Brown, Massachusetts; Mrs. Joseph Culbert, Philadelphia; Mrs. G. H. Shirley, Massachusetts; Mrs. J. Gachus, Brooklyn; Mrs. G. W. Dewey, Albany; Mrs. I. M. Lathrop, San Diego; Mrs. Walter Carter, Massachusetts; Mrs. Chas. H. Woodbury, New York; Mrs. L. Denby, New Jersey; Mrs. C. E. Bosher, New York; Mrs. D. T. Collie, New Jersey; Mrs. E. Y. Elfonhead, Philadelphia; Mrs. H. C. Litchiled, Brooklyn; Mrs. E. Y. Elfonhead, Philadelphia; Mrs. H. C. Litchiled, Brooklyn; Mrs. Byron Horton, Brooklyn; Mrs. W. H. Woolverton, New York, Mrs. Byron Horton, Brooklyn; Mrs. W. Barnard, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. M. Swezy, New York, and Miss Alice P. Mode, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. W. E. Bensen. Kansas City. Mrs. F. W. Barnard, Brooklyn; Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. West. Mrs. Mary Dyer. Ohio; Mrs. Randall John son, Maline; Mrs. H. M. Swezy, New York, and Miss Alice P. Mode, Pennsylvania.

The committee on proposed remedies is Colonel M. Richards Muckle, Dr. Elward Townsend and Rev. John Peacock.

The annual place of meeting is the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bethlehen, N. H.; and the meetings are for "Mutual benefit and the seeking for information which shall tend to relieve all sufferers from Hay Fever, wherever found." Article 5 of the constitution says: "It shall be the duty of each member to report to the Secretary the discovery of any remedy, source of relief, or exempt district, which may come to his or her knowledge." And Article 8 says: "The annual meeting shall be held in the White Mountains on the last Tuesday in August."

Thus it will be seen that, although only just at its majority, the Association is a very flourishing one; and governed in a most methodical and business-like way. It might be added that at these meetings reports are read, letters from absentees received, and, finally, as the meat of the Convention, come the reports of the doctors who are expected each year—though thus far vainly—to find the whole cause for hay fever and its complete cure.

Secretary Fay voiced the sentiments of all hay fever sufferers when he said: "Hay fever wisdom is like the wisdom of Socrates, who was wise because he knew that he knew little or nothing. Hay fever compels submission to the irresistible Providence that permits it." And it was at one of these annual hay fever meetings that Henry Ward Beecher said: "This is the most interesting meeting I have ever in my life attended! Nobody as yet has said a word that somebody else has not contradicted right away!"

It is now settled beyond much dispute that hay fever is caused by dust in the air. It irritates the lining of the nose and the victim sneezes. By this time he breathes more dusk, sneezes again, breathes more, sneezes some more—and presto!

meetings up in the Mountains m

are told which, though they convey their moral, are none the less amusing. One of these is of a dear old lady who wrote for summer board up in the high regions of Vermont which she had seen marked "Exempt" upon the catalogue furnished her by the Association. But the morning after her arrival she was disgusted to find herself sneezing so violently that she could hardly rise from her couch; and when she did so it was only to sink back again completely exhausted with another paroxysm of the deadly "Ah catch-oo!" For three days she did not leave her couch except to sit up for a few minutes to gasp for breath. On the third day she decided to go home, and called the good people of the house in to assist her. They threw open the blinds, and there outside her window, planted by hands that had her comfort in view, was a big box of flowering plants—roses, pansies and feathery white flowers—all in full bloom and sending their pollen into her room by the basketful. The window-garden was removed and she got well right away.

There is a story told about a certain summer resort along the Hudson high in the mountains. To this place hay fever sufferers had been in the habit of going year after year; and to their joy they would experience none of their old ills—if they were lucky enough to arrive before the first sneeze had been inaugurated. But on this particular year, although all came early, hay fever broke out terribly and the house was filled with suffering and unhappy victims. And what could be the cause? The mountain was bare of flowers and their pollen. There was no dust; no nothing. Yet all were sneezing violently.

One evening there was a little concert on the piazza; and one of the numbers was the familiar "When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dean." No sooner had the little choir of entertainers warbled the first line than one of the company—a hay fever sufferer—sprang from his seat with an awful yell.

"That's it," he cried, "that's it!"

"What?" demanded the others, crowding round him.

"It's the corn—the corn off in the

"What?" What?" demanded the others, crowding round him.
"It's the corn—the corn off in the field. That's what's making us all sick with these colds and sneezes."
And next day there was not one of the victims left in the hotel: they had all fled to a place on the other side of the mountain where corn industry was unknown. And now the name of that summer resort is put down in the records of the central Association as "A place not exempt!"

in the records of the central Association as exempt!"

There are many places marked "Exempt" upon the catalogues or "Guides to Summer Action," issued by the Association. But to all of the places there have been one or two exceptions—people who persisted in sneezing even when told that they were where they ought not to sneeze. The places thus "Exempt" are:

The interior of the Adirondacks; Ashland, Wis.; Bayfield, Wis.; Beach Haven; Berlin Falls; Bethel; Bethelem: Block Island; Blue Mountain, Md.; Blue Mountain, N, Y; high regions of California; Campobello; Cape May; Catskills; Clayten; high regions of



Colorado; Cooperstown, N. Y.; Crawford; Delhi; Duluth; trip to Europe; Fire Island; Franconia; Grand Island, Gulf of Mexico; Halifax; Jefferson; Lake George; Lake Placid; Lake Superior region; Litchfield; Littleton; London, England; Mackinac; Maine Coast; Marquette; Montreal; Moosehead Lake; Muskoka; Nantucket; New Jersey Coast; North Conway; Oakland, Md.; ocean—to most people; Pocono; Prince Edward Island; Put-in-bay; Quebec; Rangeley Lakes; San Diego; San Francisco; Schroon Lake; Shelburne; Sault ste Marie; St. Andrews, N. B.; Sugar Hill; Thousand Islands; Petoskey; Twin Mountain; White Mountain; and most places more than fourteen hundred feet above the sea level—if barren of much vegetation.

A thousand different remedies have been suggested. When cocaine was discovered ten years ago it was tried upon hay fever patients with wonderful success; and, like morphine upon its discovery, "cured" everything, But, like morphine, it was found to be worse than the trouble, if much indulged in. Several courses of treatment are advised. Here is a very simple one—and good, if the patient is not of the obstinate type that refuses to be comforted at home.

In the morning—hay fever is worse then—inhale the steam of hot water and camphor. This soothes the inside of the nose and gives one a chance to glance at the breakfast tray. Later a vial of camphor-menthol may be held to the nostrils while one is endeavoring to read the papers. In the afternoon, when the throat and nose and windpipe seem starting in upon a protracted siege, it may be well to paint all reachable spots with weak cocaine and to swallow a tiny powder of bromide—say ten grains. At night more steaming—then silent suffering!

It is said people suffering from incurable maladies lose heart and do not want to get well. This is not the case with hay-feverists, for they keep on trying; and, like the colored choir which comes over to amuse them twice a week, they—

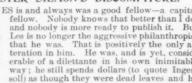
Ter push dem clouds away."

Mr. Beecher advised those who wanted to get well very quickly to kill themselves; and those who were willing to wait for a cure on this earth should abandon hope; and then, maybe, a cure would take them by surprise. Anyway, it is good to know that the mysterious summer disease, which baffles the best physicians in Germany and France, is being met half way in our country; and that the best skill that brains and money can secure is being used to discover all about it. As one of the songs composed by a facetious member goes:

"We're a band of sneezing snuffers,
Yes, we are! Yes, we are!
And there isn't one but suffers,
Here we are! Here we are!
We listen to the papers and inhale the
camphor vapor,
And if getting well's the caper,
Here we are!

Which, though rudely expressed, conveys the fact that the heroic little Association is doing its best to rid people of one of the plagues which temper the joys of summer and rob it of the hilariousness which sun and flowers should bring.

AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.



LESTER SIETON'S DISCOMFITURE.

Es is and always was a good fellow—a capital fellow. Nobody knows that better than I do, and nobody is more ready to publish it. But Les is no longer the aggressive philanthropist that he was. That is positively the only alteration in him. He was, and is yet, considerable of a dilettante in his own inimitable way; he still spends dollars (to quote Ingersoll) as though they were dead leaves and he the owner of boundless forests. He has not changed his habit of breakfasting in his flannel night-dress, and receiving visitors in whatever stage of dress (or undress) he happens to be in when they call, even when the visitors are ladies. (Nevertheless, he has the most select feminine visiting list of any man in town.) His brilliant wit and tactful resource still render his modest apartments and homely supper-table (for which he is far too genuine a gentleman ever to apologize) the pleasantest and healthiest loaling-place in the city. His marvelous store of worldly wisdom and wealth of invaluable advice are still open to rich and poor alike—backed by an indefatigable self-denial wonderfully inconsistent with his complacent self-possession.

It is this last attribute, more than any other, that makes Les so universally beloved by all who know him—save only the two thankless churls of whom this narrative shall presently speak. Perfectly self-possessed, he seems to belong to everybody; every resource of his brain and time and purse seems to be at every one's service, and yet nobody's interests appear to clash with another's; delicate to a nicety, no problem deals with matters too gross for his dainty fingers to unravel.

And it is precisely in this direction that Les is a little changed—very little, indeed; but still changed. As I have said, he is not quite so aggressive a Nestor; his philanthropy has assumed a more passive form.

I have essayed, once or twice, to point out to him the unreasonableness of allowing the matter to make even so slight a difference to him; but, though I can see he

Some of these side effects nobody but Les ever saw, and those to whom he chose at times to point them out, since he alone knew how to throw the light. And I think it was the never-ending variety of form and color that this girl's nature was forever perpetually assuming, the peculiar faculty he possessed of illuminating them at his pleasure, and the quickness and perfection with which they responded to his touch, which endeared her so closely to Les's heart. Her name was Eva Westenberg.

which they responded to his touch, which endeared her so closely to Les's heart. Her name was Eva Westenberg.

The young man rejoices in the aristocratic sobriquet of Stanton Deeley. I really cannot say what Les found in him worthy of particular interest. So far as my observation of him went, he was a very ordinary specimen of a very numerous species of male humanity. Crudely sensitive, with all the rough elements of romance in him, but lacking the sweet reasonableness of refined experience; quite capable of perceiving in his own way and even of appreciating the dainty lustre of his inamorata's person and character, but wholly without the brilliancy (till he caught it from Les) to produce the effects himself. Perhaps it was simply that Deeley happened to be the man to whom Les set himself the task of teaching this art that accounted for the deep interest he took in him. Deeley dropped in to breakfast one morning in the fall. Les happened to be somewhat later than usual in rising, and had made no progress in his toilet further than to thrust his feet into a pair of bedroom slippers and to plunge his face and hands in a basin of warm scented water. For the rest, he was attired simply in his long flannel bed-gown. This did not hinder him from immediately answering the summons conveyed to his bedroom door. Breakfast was served, and host and guest simultaneously cracked an egg.

"Anything particular?" queried Les.

"Yes; tell you presently," was the reply.
"I'm not expecting any one else to breakfast," insinuated Les.

Deeley accepted the hint.
"You won'ts swear at me?" asked he.

"I'm not expecting any one else to breakfast," insinuted Les.

Deeley accepted the hint.

"You won't swear at me?" asked he.

"Try not," answered Les, who doesn't even use profanity to his doctor.

"You won't get mad?"

"Couldn't promise." Les hasn't been known to lose his temper in fifteen years.

"It'll surprise you some."

"Amen!" prayed Les, with hidden satire.

"Well"—gulping down half a cup of coffee at one effort—"I've broken with Eva."

Les spread a piece of bread with sauce.

"I suppose she deserved it?" he queried, thus implying in half-a-dozen words that the loss was Eva's and the justification her lover's. Deeley took the bait.

"Yes, sir," he answered, recovering ease and fluency with the assumption of righteous dignity. "No possible combination of circumstances could excuse her behavior.

And, what's more, you must tell her so, Les, in just as emphatic a way as you know how."

Les merely said "Oh!" and awaited further developments.

"Iknow" rushed on the luckless youth breatblessly."

emphatic a way as you know how."

Les merely said "Oh!" and awaited further developments.

"I know," rushed on the luckless youth, breathlessly,
"I know it isn't quite the conventional thing for a third party to interfere in a lovers' quarrel; but, then, this is no ordinary scrap; and what do you care for conventionality, anyhow? Stay! though. I'll tell you what you can do." (It amused Les, this way his consultants had of unconcernedly dictating to him their will and pleasure.) "You might write a letter, in my name—or concoct one for me to write, you know—pointing out to Eva her blame in the matter. Will you?"

Now, if there is one thing more than another in which Les is thoroughly at home it is in writing letters. Early in his career he wrote a firm of lawyers declining the offer of a position in their office, and nearly drove the partners distracted by his letter of refusal. They said a man who could write such a letter would insure the prosperity of any law firm in the country. Quite unconsciously Deeley was laying for his careful patron a snare which the latter could not resist. Les looked at him curiously.

"Do you know, youngster," he said, grinning over his coffee-cup, "for once in your life you have forestalled me. You have cut the Gordian Knot. Our judgment approves your suggestion, and we will adopt if the circumstances warrant it. Now, let us hear all about your quarrel."

Les never was and never is to be hurried. Two days

Les never was and never is to be hurried. Two days passed before the letter was written and dispatched. During the interim he saw Eva more than once; but, somewhat to his surprise, she made no mention of her little turn-up with Deeley. On the evening of the third day, however, she called upon him, and he saw at a glance that something was in store. He laid aside the volume of Heine that he was reading, and smiled his customary welcome. She took her accustomed place on the rug at his feet, and impatiently threw her hat on the floor. Les said nothing, but laughed quietly.

"Don't laugh at me!" she exclaimed, petulantly, "or I shall go right away." Then, with that sudden transition which charmed Les so much, she looked up at him appealingly. "Please be serious," she pleaded. "I am so worried, you can't think."

"Poor little Petie!" he said, using a pet name of his in for her. "What's wrong? Deeley been doing

was for her. "What's wrong? Deeley been doing inything?"
"No," she replied, with characteristic frankness.
"That is to say, I did something first."
"Oh, you did, eh? Doeen't Deeley suit you?"
"It isn't quite as bad as that," she said. "But we

"It isn't quice as oad as that, quarreled."

"How long since?"

"The day before yesterday. It was my fault, but I don't want to admit it to him," she added, ingenuously. Les laughed again.

"Oh, if you're going to laugh," she said, reaching for her hat. But Les quietly took it and tossed it on to the table.

"Don't be silly," he remarked, sententiously. "Tell me all about it."

"I flirted, and he got mad. Then I got mad. That's all there is to it," she said. Her training in Les's school had made her brief and direct.

"Hum! You flirted and he got mad. Then you got mad. And that is all?"

ad made her 'Hum! You flired, And that is all?

"Well, not quite all," she replied, fumbling in her pocket. "He wrote me a letter." She unfolded it, smoothed it out carefully, and handed it to him.

Les daintily adjusted his eyeglass, and gravely read through his own composition.

"This is a well-written letter. Petie," he said, critically, as he handed it back to her. "A very well-written letter. What fault do you find with it?"

"That is precisely the fault with it," she replied, naively. "It is too well-written. It is all true."

Les smiled grimly.

"I see," he said. "You want to answer the letter?"
Eva nodded.
"And you want to make peace again?"

And you want to make peace again?"

Another nod. "But you don't want to admit all that is in this ter?"

An uneasy movement.
"And you don't quite know how to do it. Is that a situation?"

"And you don't quite know how to do it. Is that the situation?"
Eva admitted the position.
"And you want me to answer it?" pursued her relentless confessor.
She nodded her head emphatically.
For some reason or other Les did not linger long over this second composition, but immediately drew his desk toward him, and a pencil from his pocket, and commenced to write. There was silence for the space of half an hour, during which Les plied his pencil in that deliberate, leisurely way of his, never once altering or erasing what he had set down. At the end of half an hour he handed what he had written to Eva, and she read it.
"Oh, that is just splendid!" she cried. "It is exactly what I wanted to say."
"That is very singular," he said, quizzically. "Now you had better copy it off and send it while things are warm."
And she copied it off and sent it while things were

And she copied it off and sent it while things were

warm.

Next morning Les was again the recipient of a very early call from Deeley. He had finished his breakfast and was rolling himself a cigarette when the youth was ushered into his room.

"Breakfast is all over, Deeley," he said. "Help yourself to tobacco and paper, and smoke with me instead."

ad." hey lit their cigarettes from the same match. Le d back in his rocker and put his feet on the mante Th

shelf.
"Well?" he interrogated.
"Well," answered Deeley, grinning. "She has answered our letter."

swered our letter."

"Your letter, my dear boy; your letter," corrected Les. "Am I to be honored by a sight of her reply?"

Deeley drew it from his pocket and handed it to Les, who went through the same serious pantomime that he had gone through with Eva.

"This is a remarkably well-put-together letter," he said, gravely, as he passed it back. "Almost as good as yours, Deeley. She is a clever youngster, isn't she?" Deeley winced.

"She is too clever by half," he growled. "She admits nothing, but she evidently wants things as they were."

were."

Les laughed a low, amused laugh.
"You have more perception than I credited you with,
young man," he said. "That seems to be exactly her

Deeley winced again.

"Well," he asked, irritably, "what am I to do?"

"Just what you please. I am at your service."

"Shall we write her again?"

"You may write her again if you wish," answered
Les, with just the least intonation of the second person
pronoun. "But, so far as I am concerned, it must be
the last letter. Correspondence of this kind is like French
beans—apt to become stringy if it gets too long. You
had better make up your mind what you want to say,
once for all."

Deeley was silent for a few minutes.

beans—apt to become stringy it it gets too long. You had better make up your mind what you want to say, once for all."

Deeley was silent for a few minutes.
"What do you advise?" he asked.

Les rolled and lit a fresh cigarette before answering. "Deeley, my boy," he said, slowly, with that indescribable and inimitable air of kindly interest which he could assume so well, and which endeared, him to all who consulted him, in spite of his occasional sarcasm—"Deeley, my boy, I think it will be neither wise nor kind of you to stand too much upon your dignity with the girl. Don't split hairs with her. You are the man and she the woman. Look beyond the mere wording of the letter (which is certainly not what you have a right to demand) to the motive which prompted her to write it. There can be no doubt that there was a tacit recognition in her own sensitive little mind that she was in the wrong. I think you should be generous, and accept the implied acknowledgment, without insisting on terms. Trust me, I will concoct you a reply which will put matters right between you without compromising your dignity in the least."

The leaven worked as usual. The sensible estimate of affairs, the subtle flattery, the tactful delicacy of Les's words prevailed, as they always did. Deeley succumbed, and once again Les's brain and Les's pencil combined to pilot this little joint-stock business through a delicate crisis.

The very next day brought forth the fruits of his labors: and Les's expressive eves shone with quiet satis-

The very next day brought forth the fruits of his labors; and Les's expressive eyes shone with quiet satisfaction when, one by one, Deeley and Eva came to him, happy-faced and grateful-hearted, to tell him of their recognitions.

eiliation His satisfaction, however, was doomed to be short-lived, second only, in shortness of duration, to the gratitude of his beneficiaries. He missed his favorite couple for several days, and was surprised that he received no word from them—so much so that he broke through his ordinary custom, and, in my hearing, inquired of a mutual acquaintance concerning their absence. The mutual acquaintance laughed uneasily. "Have you not discerned the cause, my many-counseled Ulysses? He and she have both learned the double part you played, and have vowed eternal 'coolness toward their counselor. They are highly offended, and, I fear, will never speak to you again."

Thus did this graceless pair effect the discomfiture of Lester Siemon. His satisfaction, however, was doomed to be short-

No. 17

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replied. letter:

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A SUMMER FALLOW.

In a green land, where love and the world were at holiday, there lived a man and a maid, and one of them loved the other. Which one? All: That is the story. Judge each for himself. The time of it is August, the place, a breadth of cloverland, and came to it at sunrise. His team was strong, and true, his plowshare sharp as justice. He loved his work, and the things wherewith he wrought. At first, he sang—sang as the birds do, of joy in the dew, the sunshine, the smell, the swelling of summer in the roots. There was thrilling delight in the stretch and gather the stream of the world to share in his delight. They drew eagerly, with a stead-fast willingness, wholly attuned to the man's tense mood. Round, round they stepped; swiftly, swiftly, creamy-brown loam, fretted over with yellow roots, and they are the stream of the world with the sand its bloom. In the cool early morning it was but play for man and beast. By-and-by, when the sun burned overhead, when the beast had been twice wet and dry, they lagged a little, began to hang the head, and drool, whickering faintly as they went past the homeward gates.

In they they have been seen that the summer of the colver, danced with them a minute about the field, then flung them dast from among the intricacies of the clover, danced with them a minute about the field, then flung them away, as a light powdering on the hedge-rows, and ran tricksly up to play with the beautiful white thunderheads, stiring sparsely about the zenith. So sparsely, ghost of shadow. But toward the sky-rim they were plentier, and there the little wind had sport, indeed. For they were strong enough, soft and tricksily as they blew, to send one cloud-mountain hurrying, skurrying after another, or to sail them in shining argosies straight over and across the shipping cirrus trails. And that of languard and short the serion of the same and the short of the same and the power of the same and the same

each joint.
"The Widow Esmond's daughter!" he said, very low, repeating: "The Widow Esmond," with the same cackling laugh. "A proud piece o' flesh!" he went on.

"Ah! but she is angry now! See how fine and careless she walks! Don't I know that step! Her mother—"
"Stop!—will you!" growled the other, beginning swiftly to unharness his team. "We must settle this at once. Come home with me. I can't think here in sight of—"
"Paradise" learned the other, as young Moston passed.

"Stop!—will you!" growled the other, beginning swiftly to unharness his team. "We must settle this at once. Come home with me. I can't think here in sight of—"
"Paradise," leered the other, as young Morton paused. "Well, see here, son! If the sins o' the fathers return upon the children, ain't it about right that their virtues should do it, too?"

"Perhaps!" young Morton said through his teeth, setting his face homeward; the plow-beasts trooping after, the trainp lurching at his side. There was an odd halting jerk to his tread. As the young man noted it, the old one said, smiling grimly:

"You don't leave off the lock-step easy—not after twelve years of it. I can tell you, though, young sir, times was when I walked as light as she," nodding toward Marian's track, where it crossed the lane. "She was just three—only so high as my knee," he went on, finding young Morton silent, "when I left her and her mother te go South, trading, and to come back—dead. Archy Morton was my partner. You have got the very look of him, the night I robbed and tried to murder him—drunken fool that I was! He gave me to the law—penitentiary for life, the judge said. Oh! but I was a model prisoner! I knew there were such things as pardons. He, your father, had been shrewd as he was cruel. He gave me a false name; then came away and left me to that living death, and told my wife, my child, that I had died in his arms.

"Do you know why he wanted to shield them? He had loved my wife as he never loved your mother. When a better man won her away, it was natural to hate him. Another man he would have given a fighting chance. I saw through it. But for that I would have beat out my brains against the cell-wall. I meant to live for vengeance. Ah! you cannot think how patient, how humble I was through all those weary years. At last I had my reward. The doors opened; I came out of them free—to face a knock-down blow. The chaplain gave it. Good man that he was, he had made inquiry for my sake, and told me I could go home fear-lessly; the man, my pro

shown me a better way. You are the son that had an his love—"
"What is that to you?" young Morton asked, dully. He was too rapt in listening to note that the sky had darkened to a portentous blackness; that leaping lightning ran about overhead; that ruffles of wind came sharp in the face one minute, then the air was thick and breathless, almost scorching the cheek and palm. A dash of big drops, hard and white as hail, made him look aloft, break for one second to furious running, then stop, holding out his hand to the old man.
"Let me help you," he said. "The storm is on us."
"In here—quick!" the other shouted, diving through the hedgerow tangle to gain the shelter of a low-spreading oak, so thick and heavy in leaf that, though the wind tossed savagely its green dome, the furious pelt of rain came through but as little trickling streams. The tramp set his back to the rough trunk, passed a ragged sleeve across his forehead, and said, looking over the other's head:
"Arabic Morton's son! Say, rather, Archie Morton's

across his forehead, and said, looking over the other's head:

"Archie Morton's son! Say, rather, Archie Morton's self. Soul and body you are like him, as my girl is like—Well! young sir, do you love your neighbor as yourself?"

"In a neighborly way—yes," young Morton said, his eye meeting unfilnchingly the other's fixed regard.

"And in no other?" the old man asked, with a mocking leer. "Still, neighborhood is something," he went on. "Doubtless, for my family's sake, you would be glad to have me remain the dead man they have accounted me these sixteen years?"

"Yes—for their sakes," young Morton said, biting savagely at the end of a green twig.

"My girl—Marian—is proud. The shame of a convict father—" the tramp began.

"Would kill her; not her body, perhaps, but her youth and hope," young Morton said. "Beside that, death would be a mercy!"

"She may escape the knowledge—if you so will," the tramp said, watching the other man narrowly.

"What must I do?" young Morton asked, speaking with difficulty.

"Swear to me, here, now, that you will never marry

"What must I do: young more with difficulty.
"Swear to me, here, now, that you will never marry her, never let her dream that you even love her."
"You will keep away—for that?"
"The earth shall swallow me, the storm wash out my footprints! But make your choice, give me my answer quickly. I am old—too old to face this storm for long, here just outside my own wife's door. What is it? Will you swear?"
"I awaar!" young Morton said, his voice coming holding a wild joy

quickly. I am old—too old to face this storm for lougher here just outside my own wife's door. What is it? Will you swear?"

"I swear!" young Morton said, his voice coming holow like one who shouts across emptiness. A wild joy flamed in the other man's eye.

"Hold up your hand—so—in mine, high over your head," he said. "Now, by this wind, and rain, and lightning, you swear to pass her forever by. You call all their wrath to visit you if you let yourself be tempted to break your oath. You give her up, my daughter, Marian Esmond, all thought of, all delight in her, for ever and ever."

"For ever and ever."

"For ever and ever."

young Morton repeated, his upraised hand clinching hard about the old knotty fingers. They fell nervelessly from his hold, as the old man sank down at the tree's foot with a moan that shaped itself to the whisper—

"Marian! My girl! My baby!"

Round about them the green world rocked groaning; winds went ravening across the open to sing savage triumph through the forest's writhen boughs. The rain descended in flood upon the face of the earth; hail tore as with a lance-stroke through every green thing. Thick murk lay over the face of all things. Momently flares of red flame or white leaped through it, from heaven to earth, from earth again to heaven. On every hand there was vibrant pealing of riving bolts; yet these two, in their stress of passion, paid no heed to the storm.

Eye against eye they confronted each other. The old man had got to his feet and leaned against the trunk. Then straight overhead shone a bloody appalling flare—a red globe shivered the green oak-tent—ran earthward, in its passage leaping, it seemed, through the old man's breast and sending him prone to earth.

He lay there without sense or motion, inert, openeyed, in the full semblance of death. The dash of rain in his face might, perhaps, revive him. Bending over him, young Morton started back appalled. The face had grown suddenly young, suddenly peaceful, as though the scathe and soil of living had been burned away. Save for the fleece of gray hair and heard, it was the face of Densil Esmond as men had known it in the days when to know it was held an honor.

Young Morton looked at him, a chill horror in his heart. He had pledged away, ah, how much! to save Marian from that which might now come to pass. If he went for help and rescue the old man must be recognized—all his sacrifice brought to naught. And all to no purpose. The man was surely dead! He must be. The bolt was too fearful to believe aught else of what had encountered its wrath. Yes! he was dead—he must be buried quickly and silently. What could it matter to the poor clay how soon the saving earth covered it?

The storm was dying, though still there came pouring rain. He knew a spot in the fallow-field where he had lodged mattock and spade. There he would safely hide this poor husk from any eye that knew it. To-day, the rain would level the grave-earth. To-morrow, the plow should cover it.

White-faced, but firm of hand, he led in the plow-beasts, laid the ghastly burden upon the back of one of them, and made to fasten it there with the line. As he lifted the inert mass it seemed to him that the barest ghost of breath trembled over the lips. His own breath stopped for a second, then came hard and fast. He waited, waited, with his ear at the other's mouth, through what seemed to him a century of torment. If there was yet a vital spark—his hand crept

on before her. It was not loud nor fearful, but she shivered at it—the pad, pad of slow hoofs, treading through shallow water over soft, fresh earth.

*

Never shone sun so golden as rose next day upon the fallow. The plowman was there betimes. He drove his team feverishly. To him they seemed to crawl along, the edge of the brown land that but yesterday had broadened as by magic. The plow must run over it to-day—that muddy blur upon the face of the clover. Why had he not dug in the plowland, even though the storm had left it a shaking quagmire?

The storm of yesterday! How far back was that yesterday! It was joy then barely to breathe, to hear the birds, and laugh with the little thieving winds. Today, the grasshopper was become a burden. If the birds sang, he was heedless. But high overhead the wheeling crows cawed aloud, as though one said to another: "A thief! a thief! We are robbed of a feast!"

The wind blew as it listed. It brought sweet scents to him and coolness, and calling of other plowmen in distant fields. None of all that reached his consciousness; but by-and-by as he drove past that miry blotch—the next furrow would overlap its edge—there fluttered to his feet somewhat that moved him; but whether to curses or thanksgiving, only himself can say.

A twisted paper—soaked, earth-stained, yet legible! Upon it he read, in Marian's hand:

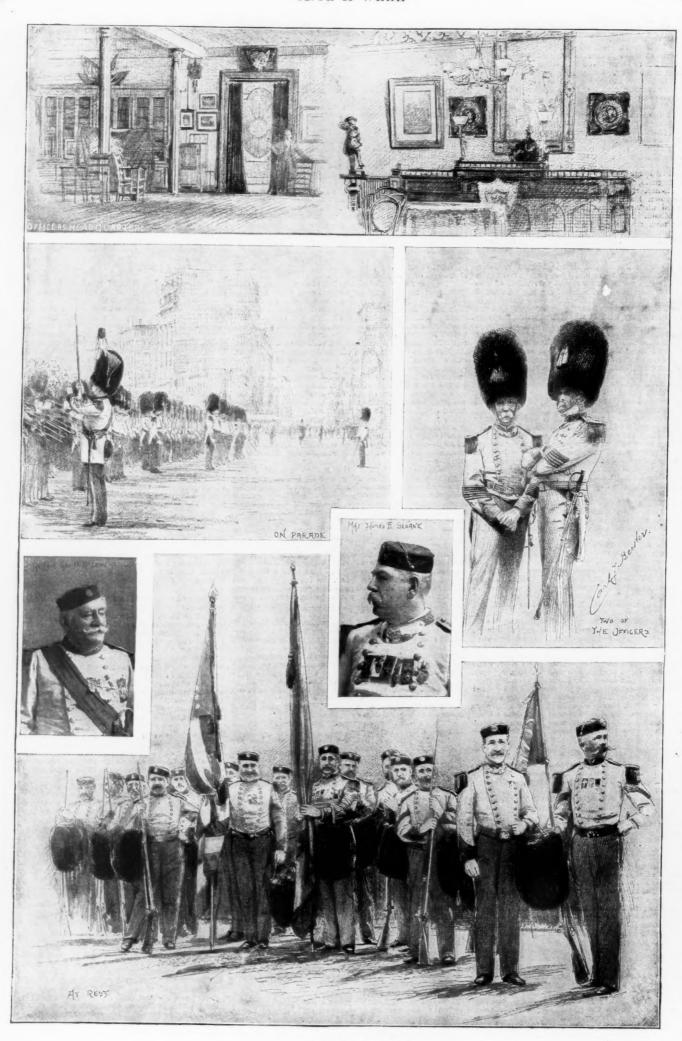
"I do not know that ever you will find this. I do not even know that I wish you so to do. But I must tell you that I saw my father—dead. I know you murdered and buried him. Your secret is safe—but you must never come near me again!"

Twice young Morton read it, then he laid it above the dead man's breast, where the light earth must cover it as the plow ran on. At the field's further edge he turned and looked at the porch where nobody sat today. Baring his head, he bent it low in mute farewell. And if he did not sigh to the friendly fallow he never sang there any more.

MARTHA MCCULOCH WILLIAMS.

Fon upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for c

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, curse diarrhosa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-live ct. a bottle.



 $T\ H\ E\quad O\ L\ D\quad G\ U\ A\ R\ D\ .$ (Drawn specially for Once a Weer by Carl Becker.—See page 10





SECOND LIEUT. CHAS. T. M'CLENACHAN, CO. B.



CAPT. WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, CO. A.







LIEUT. HENRY C. PIERCY, CO. B.



FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE H. WYATT, ADJUTANT.



CAPT. HENRY R. M'MURRAY, HO DRARY STAFF

THE OLD GUARD.

THE OLD GUARD.

BY LEWIS VITAL BOGY.

HE OLD GUARD. What magic in the words! What a title to conjure with! With its utterance one calls to mind the mighty Corsican, Napoleon, and that band of intrepid warriors of whom the historic words were spoken: "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." But it is not of those men nor of those times that I am about to write. The members of the Old Guard that forms the subject of this article are not Frenchmen, but Americans. They live in New York, and their head-quarters are at the armory on Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

The Old Guard of New York was incorporated on April 22, 1868, by the coalition of the Light Guard and the City Guard, separate military organizations that had been rivals for thirty-five years.

The Light Guard and the Older of the original organizations, having been formed in 1826. Its formation was largely due to the arrival in New York of the Boston Light Infantry, who made the trip by sea in a sloop chartered for the purpose. This was an event in those days, and the presence of the visitors drew attention to the absence of any similar organization in New York. It was then that Colonel W. W. Tompkins, Sr., conceived the idea of the Tompkins Blues, and with the aid of a few congenial spirits he formed a crack company bearing that name. Very soon after the name was changed to that of the Light Guard.

The blue uniform first adopted was retained until late in the thirties, when a more showy uniform of red

Guard.

The blue uniform first adopted was retained until late in the thirties, when a more showy uniform of red was substituted. It was similar to that worn in the British Army, and the War of 1812 was then of sufficiently recent occurrence to cause the home company to be hooted and threatened the first time it appeared on the streets in scarlet. Captain Edward Vincent, then in command, nothing daunted by the hostility shown, ordered the company out again a week later, when the same fickle populace greeted them with cheers for their temerity.

ordered the company our again a new forms of their temerity.

In the meantime, the City Guard had sprung into existence through a defection in the ranks of the Light Guard. This occurred at the election of officers in 1833. A good deal of bitterness was developed during the balloting. As a result, Thomas E. Cazneau, who had been a candidate for first lieutenant, withdrew from the company with a number of his stanchest followers and formed the Pulaski Cadets, who, shortly after, adopted the name of the City Guard. Like the parent organization, it was made up of representative men. Both were crack companies, and the best names in New York appeared on their rosters.

The term of enlistment was for seven years; but it was virtually a life service, for resignations were of rare occurrence. The pleasant social features were a great incentive to membership; for there was hardly any club life in New York in those days, and the armories filled the position of the clubs of our time. Both companies entertained lavishly and frequently, the then fashionable Astor House being the scene of





CAPT. L. FRANK BARRY,



numerous social functions, for which one or the other organization stood sponsor.

There was much rivalry between them. If the Light Guard gave a grand ball, the City Guard would be sure to give one of equal grandeur. If the latter gave a special parade, its watchful rival was sure to follow suit. Like the Light Guard, the younger organization had adopted a red uniform; but when the former changed this for a showy combination of white and blue, the City Guard changed theirs for one of white and red, equally showy.

With all their gayety, there was stern stuff in these soldier boys of a half century ago, and their valor was tested in the Seminole and Mexican Wars. Two New York regiments took part in the latter conflict. Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson and Colonel Ward B. Burnett, both Light Guard men, were at the head of those regiments. When the far more terrible war-cloud burst over the land the Light Guard and the City Guard marched to the front, the former as Company A of the Seventy-first Regiment, the latter as Company C of the Ninth. Many became officers, among the most distinguished being General Peter J. Classen, Colonel Frank Jones and Colonel Edmund Charles.

Edward Vincent, who had been captain of the Light Guard for twenty-five years, and who had been commissioned a colonel by the State for his remarkably long official service, died shortly before the conflict began, and John R. Garland, a West Pointer, was elected to a succeed him. Captain Garland had been trained to the profession of arms, and was every inch a soldier, but he was a Virginian as well, and he could not fight against 1 the South. He resigned his commission, and was succeeded by Captain David D. Hart. The latter was badly, in fact, that he was incapacitated for further service, and Captain William W. Tompkins was placed in command of the company. Captains Thomas H. Ferris and McArdle

were the distinguished captains of the City Guard, which did valiant service in the field.

Long companionship in arms eradicated the old rivalry between the companies, and after the war was over the idea of their coalition was broached. In this amicable movement the prominent figures were George Washington McLean, Charles A. Stetson, Josiah Hedden, David D. Hart, Lewis D. Buckley, Henry Molton, George Brady, Henry R. McMurray, Alexander Taylor, J. L. Allien, Emanuel B. Hart, M. A. Wheelock, William N. Clem, Cornelius Banta, John A. Clussman, Henry Spear, E. W. Burr, Eugene S. Ballin and Daniel H. Burdett. Of these only three survive—Captain Henry R. McMurray, George Brady and John A. Clussman.

The idea of coalition had originated with Second Lieutenant George Washington McLean, of the Light Guard, and when a charter was finally granted to the Old Guard, in 1868, he was elected to its command, with the rank of Major. When it is stated that he retained this position until his death, last year, his efficiency and popularity are sufficiently attested. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, Major Thomas E. Sloan.

The old armory was on Fourth Avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, but the Old Guard has occupied its present commodious headquarters on Fifth Avenue for the past sixteen years. Fire has occurred there twice, and on both occasions many valuable relics were burned. But several interesting mementoes still adorn the walls. One of these is a crude engraving of the Light Guard, Captain Vincent in command, escorting the bier of Henry Clay, July 20, 1852. There is an autograph letter from Mrs. Grover Cleveland, written to the Old Guard in 1888. A red, white and blue cord, in a gold frame, surmounts the following legend: "This cord was used by the Old Guard in ringing the Liberty Bell at the World's Fair, Chicago, October 21, 1893." Among numerous portraits is one of the late General Robert Anderson, and a painting

of the late Major McLean occupies the position of

The uniform of the Old Guard has never changed, do is as unique as it is elaborate. It consists of a suble-breasted white swallow-tail coat, having blue illar and cuffs, edged with scarlet; blue trousers, ith scarlet stripes; bearskin cap, fifteen inches high; rk-blue overcoat, with scarlet collar and cuffs and hite edging, and a profusion of gold lace, braid and ssels.

tassels.

Annual parades are given on April 22 and on Evation Day, the latter parade being always follower a grand dinner. The last expedition was that to World's Fair, and there is a proposition now pen for the peaceful invasion of Richmond and Washin

World's Fair, and there is a proposition now pending for the peaceful invasion of Richmond and Washington next October.

Many of the original members of the Old Guard were not young men when the war broke out, and death has so thinned its ranks since then that a resolution was passed some six or seven years ago to admit to membership all honorably discharged officers of the regular army and navy and the national guard. Membership is limited to two hundred and fifty, and there are now two hundred names on the roster. Regular meetings are held on the first Tuesday of every month, except July and August.

Tenacious of everything endeared by the past, the Old Guard drills under the Scott tactics of other days, and still gives its annual ball at the Astor House in January. This is one of the most brilliant social events of the season, and among the guests are distinguished military and naval men from all parts of the world.

The annual election is held in March, and the officers are inaugurated on April 22. The oldest member of the organization is Alexander Slater, who is eighty-four years old, and the youngest is Benjamin F. Moore, Jr., whose years number thirty-eight. First Lieutenant James Hamel is the oldest member in point of continuous active service. Captains Harry R. McMurray, Joseph Naylor and H. L. Faris, and Lieutenants Isaac E. Hoagland and S. M. Saunders are on the honorary staff.

The battalion is divided into three companies, and its

The battalion is divided into three companies, and its

IN COMMAND.

Major Thomas E. Sloan.

STAFF OFFICERS.

First Lieutenant George H. Wyatt, Adjutant; Captain Tracy B. Warren, Quartermaster; Captain George Green, Paymaster; Captain Belden Rogers, Commissary; Lieutenant Alonzo T. Decker, Assistant Commissary; Reverend John W. Brown, Chaplain; Dr. H. H. Warner, Surgeon; Charles Chumar, Aid-de-Camp.

LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

Captain William Henry White, 1st Lieut. Charles A.
Stadler, 2d Lieut. William D. May, 1st Sergt. Edward
P. Sanderson, 2d Sergt. John Parr, 3d Sergt. C. M. Richmond, 4th Sergt. Frederick W. Seybel, 1st Corp. Jos.
Torrey, 2d Corp. Myron T. Wilbur, 3d Corp. Otto Heppenheimer, 4th Corp. John J. Quinn, 5th Corp. Charles
T. Griffith.

COMPANY B.

Company B.

Captain Jas. F. Wenman, 1st Lieut. Henry C. Piercy, 21 Lieut. Chas. T. McClenachan, 1st Sergt. Geo. W. Homans, 2d Sergt. Schuyler L. Gerard, 3d Sergt. Wm. F. Coxford, 4th Sergt. Jas. K. Mason, 1st Corp. Jas. W. Thompson, 2d Corp. Laurens R. Jagger, 3d Corp. Geo. L. Winn, 4th Corp. A. M. Alexanderson, 5th Corp. Thos. F. Ryder.

COMPANY C.

Captain L. Frank Barry, 1st Lieut. James Hamel, 2d Lieut. Chas. H. Huestis, 1st Sergt. David H. Litchenstein, 2d Sergt. James O'Neill, 3d Sergt. Jas. G. McMurray, 4th Sergt. Chas. A. Groth, 1st Corp. Byron Alger, 2d Corp. Chas. W. Topping, 3d Corp. H. A. Harrison, 4th Corp. Adolph E. Dick, 5th Corp. Wm. D. Mann.

PRIVATES.

COMPANY A.

Fred. A. Allen, Chas. L. Bucki, R. C. Brown, H. H.
Brockway, F. H. Clement, F. M. Coleman, J. J. Cullen,
G. H. Chatterton, Robt. Dinwiddie, E. W. Gwindon, E.
O. Hotchkiss, Louis F. Hallen, C. S. Halsted, J. W.
Jacobus, E. L. Knoedler, R. P. Lyon, B. F. Moore, Wm.
P. McCosker, Wm. Miller, G. M. Moulton, H. W. T.
Mali, Orville Oddie, A. W. Peters, John D. Quincy,
T. G. Rigney, Chas. C. Reed, F. A. Shaw, Wm. Sperb,
Jr., D. S. Skinner, John Shrady, Chas. Sprague, Wm.
M. Stilwell, S. C. Smith, Jas. A. Taylor, Geo. W. White,
Jas. P. Whitfield, E. B. Woodward, Wm. G. Winans,
Daniel D. Wylie. COMPANY B.

COMPANY B.

S. Ellis Briggs, Frederick F. Beals, J. E. Bazley, Reno R. Billington, F. D. Beard, H. H. Brewster, Geo. Chappell, W. E. Connor, Chas. H. Covell, John E. Cossart, Eugene Finck, Horace J. Farrington, Paul C. Grening, Jas. Gayler, Jos. H. Horton, Chas. C. Hummel, Montefiore Isaacs, Wm. H. Kirby, R. J. Leggat, B. F. Moore, Jr., Henry J. Moore, Walter K. Paye, Chas. A. Peverelly, Geo. H. Rich, Geo. W. Robertson, Jas. H. Stevens, A. L. Soulard, Geo. W. Skellen, Jer. T. Smith, Geo. H. Van Ness, A. H. Weigle.

COMPANY C.

John H. Ammon, B. F. Allen, W. J. C. Berry, Geo. F. Cummings, John C. Copeland, John A. Clussman, A. L. Dickinson, Thos. C. DeLuce, John J. Glasson, Jas. M. Heatherton, Morison Hoyt, Jacob Hess, Chas. H. Heyzer, T. W. B. Hughes, David M. Hildreth, Frank Jones, E. F. Jenkins, Peter Kenny, Frederick B. Langston, James B. Mix, Geo. H. McLean, Thos. Moore, Theo. N. Melvin, E. P. Moore, John Oothout, Geo. H. Pride, R. H. Pcillon, Theo. E. Roselle, Alexander Slater, Wm. H. Seaich, Wm. D. Sheldon, Wm. H. Stevenson, Walter Scott, Chas. W. Spear, Geo. J. Seabury, Victor E. Wetmore, J. O. Woodward, H. H. Warner.

Fred—"Heavens, man! Why on earth did you s that Miss Jones's voice should be cultivated abroad, a you ought to know it, living in the same flats with her Bert—"That's why I advised that her voice be cul-vated abroad."

HOW WHALES LOVE.

APTAIN SCORESBY relates how one of his harpooners, having struck a young whale in order to secure the mother, saw her instantly rise, wrap her clippers round her young one, and descend, dragging about six hundred feet of line out of the boat, with marvelous force and velocity. Again she rose to the surface, darted furiously to and fro, frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, giving every possible intimation of agony. The boats continued to pursue her closely for a length of time, while she, poor creature, seemed utterly regardless of the dangers which surrounded her. At last one of the boats approached so near that a harpoon was thrown at her, then a second harpoon, and a third; still she did not attempt to escape, but allowed the other boats to approach, so that more harpoons were attached, till in the course of an hour the poor animal was killed. Though there was something painful in the deliberate destruction of a creature evincing such heroic affection for her offspring, yet this feeling of compassion quickly gave way to the object of the adventure, the value of the prize, and the exciting joy of the capture. The fidelity of the male and female whale to each other exceeds that of most animals. Anderson, in his "History of Greenland," mentions that some fishermen, having struck one of two whales, a male and female that were in company together, the wounded creature made a long and terrible resistance. With a single blow of its tail it upset a boat containing three men, by which they all went to the bottom. When another boat came up, the other whale still remained by its companion, and lent every assistance, till at last the wounded victim sank under the number and severity of its wounds, while its faithful partner, unable to survive its loss, stretched herself upon the dead body of her mate, and calmly shared its fate.

To the Greenlanders, as well as to the natives of conthern climates, the whale is an animal of vast im-

self upon the dead body of her mate, and calmly shared its fate.

To the Greenlanders, as well as to the natives of southern climates, the whale is an animal of vast importance; and these people devote much of their time to fishing for it. When they set out upon their whale-catching expedition they dress themselves in their best apparel, imagining that if they are not cleanly and neatly clothed, the whale, which detests a dirty, slovenly garb, would certainly avoid them. In this manner about fifty persons, men and women, set out together in one of their large boats. The women take with them their needles, thread, and other implements, to mend their husbands' clothes, in case they should be torn, and to repair the boat if it should happen to receive any damage. When the men discover a whale they strike it with their harpoons, to which are fastened tubes two or three fathoms long, made of sealskin inflated with air. The huge animal, by means of this kind of bag, is in some degree compelled to keep near the surface of the water. When he is fatigued and rises, the men attack him with their spears until he is killed. They then put on their spring jackets, made all in one piece, of a dressed sealskin, with their boots, gloves and[caps, which are laced so tightly to each other that no water can penetrate them. Thus attired they plunge into the sea and begin to slice off the fat all round the animal's body, even from those parts that are under water; for, their jackets being full of air, the men do not sink, and are able to keep themselves upright, standing, as it were, in the sea.

At Vancouver's Isle the winter storms blowing di-

jackets being full of air, the men do not sink, and are able to keep themselves upright, standing, as it were, in the sea.

At Vancouver's Isle the winter storms blowing directly from the North Pacific bring many whales which, getting out of their latitude and fatigued with fruitless struggles, are cast upon the coast; as the receding tide leaves the whales, they lash their tails, unable to regain deep water, and make a low, guttural sound as they vainly try to spout. The native canoes, which are made of the trunk of a tree hollowed out by fire, are instantly launched. The only weapon used is a barbed spear, to which is tied a sealskin bag filled with air, and to this a rope made of seaweed is attached, acting as an anchor to the bladder or rope. A pole is fitted into a socket in the spear-head, and so arranged that it can easily be withdrawn, leaving the head embedded in the body of the whale. Armed with both these primitive weapons, the natives set off in their fragile canoes and cast their spears, catching back the loose handles. In a short time the monster is covered with sealskin bags. When the tide begins to rise, the bladders prevent the whale from sinking sufficiently to use his full strength, keeping him on the surface of the water. As the canoe men pull to the shore the lines are tightened, and gradually the poor animal moves slowly and steadily to the land. His struggling as a fish out of water, he is hopelessly in the power of his Liliputian foes. The inhabitants for miles around crowd to the shore, singing and beating drums made of the hollow bole of a tree over which is stretched the skin of a sea-lion. As soon as the whale is brought beyond low-water mark the work is done, and they have only to wait till the tide leaves it high and dry.—Month.

CYCLING CAUSERIE.

HE battle for the supremacy is even more exciting and interesting this season than last, and it is a wise man who can predict the aspirant to whom the laurel wreath will be presented after the season is over. Johnson, Sanger, Tyler, Bald, Titus and Taxis all have their supporters, and, up to the present time, each of them has been matched, but the puzzle refuses to be unraveled.

The work of John S. Johnson shows that his claim The work of John S. Johnson shows that his claim is bound to receive the recognition prophesied for it by his friends; for he has done some very pretty work, notably the establishment of a record of 1:56 for one mile—the fastest mile ever ridden in public on a bicycle. Besides this, he has established several records for the State and the different tracks on which he has ridden. Taking all this into consideration, it will be seen that his work has been the brightest so far. He has also met and defeated his most prominent opponent, Walter Sanger, eight times; but has, in return, been defeated by the Milwaukeean twice. If he does not stand out first at the end of the season he will certainly be in the front rank, with not more than two ahead of him.

In the West, the favorite is Walter Sanger of Mil-

In the West, the favorite is Walter Sanger of Mil-

last season. Sanger has ridden very well in the East, but not so well as was expected of him. He has defeated and been defeated by Johnson. Possibly Sanger could ride a great deal better than he does had he more nerve and confidence; but since his accident at Chicago last year in his race against Zimmerman, which would have proved the supremacy between the two, he has not been so daring as before. As a burned child dreads the fire, so does Sanger dread another fall on the track, and he carefully guards against any such possibility. He will now ride more slowly in tight places, often losing his chances in preference to running any risks, and so it is probable that his true merit will not again be brought out. He is a formidable rival to the leader, however, and should he suddenly spring to the front no one will be surprised.

Harry Tyler, one of last season's favorites, has done nothing thus far that would warrant speaking of. He is a good second, however, in nearly all of his races, and has many believers in his power. Tyler has made several State records this season; but as riding against time and not in competition is his forte, that is not surprising. As was the case last year, he will likely wait until the end of the season, when he will repair to Springfield and chop off several seconds from existing records. He can safely be counted among the possibilities, however.

One of the surprises of the season has been the phenomenal work of young Eddie Bald, a Buffalonian of some

end of the season, when he will repair to Springheid and chop off several seconds from existing records. He can safely be counted among the possibilities, however.

One of the surprises of the season has been the phenomenal work of young Eddie Bald, a Buffalonian of some local repute as a sprinter. He is the "dark horse" that is being watched closely by the knowing ones. Possibly he is the most sensational rider before the public to-day, as his style is peculiarly his own, and it may also be added that it is of a most marvelous type. Among the cracks he has been prominent for his unexpected victories, one of them being his defeat of Johnson in a mile race, which was won virtually at the tape by less than twelve inches' margin, something almost unknown in cycling. He is sturdily built, and seems to be possessed of some unknown force that allows him to almost lift his wheel from the ground as he nears the tape. His work has been most brilliant so far, but whether or not he will be able to keep up the pace he has set is another question. It is a fact that he is very ambitious, and perhaps that fact alone will be his death from a cycling point, as he allows his ambition to overrun his judgment. If he is not so successful as to win the championships it is quite probable that he will hold numerous records before the season is over.

Fred J. Titus, another aspirant, is a newcomer in cycling as far as racing is concerned; but he stands out very prominently when the championship is mentioned. His most noteworthy feature this season was the establishment of a Connecticut State record of 2:07 for one mile. He has developed into a most wonderful handicap rider, hardly ever being beaten when entered in a race of that kind. He may possibly win fame in such races, but will hardly do the work that is prophesied for Johnson and Sanger. Titus is a good rider, however, and as the unexpected often happens, there would be no great surprise evinced were he to bring down some of the records now held by other prominent men.

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of the records now held by other prominent men.

Besides those mentioned above, Jufian Bliss, Michael Dirnberger, Charles Murphy, Ray McDonald and others are more prominent this season than ever before; but, excepting the first two named, they will hardly be considered rival candidates. Bliss and Dirnberger have been out to the Pacific coast for quite a while, and nothing has been heard from them to show in what kind of form they are; but their individual work the latter part of the season last year stamps them as phenomenal riders, and men to be feared.

Suppring it all up, then the probable champions of

and men to be feared.

Summing it all up, then, the probable champions of America—which, by the way, virtually means champions of the world, as America now holds two-thirds of the cycling records—will more than likely be Johnson or Sanger. Both are cyclists deserving to take up the mantle so ruthlessly cast aside by Arthur A. Zimmerman—possibly the most famous cyclist the world has ever known—who is now in Paris distinguishing himself, and winning honor for his country by defeating all nations.

The Judge.

"THE IDOL."

With the next number of Once a Week will be issued Mme P. Caro's novel, "The Idol," specially translated for the Library. The heroine is-as, of course, every heroine ought to be-peerlessly beautiful; but with an overweening consciousness of that fact, which becomes a dominant force in her life and in the lives of those around her. She is, by turns, fascinating and repellent, and the reader's curiosity concerning her ulti-mate destiny is keenly excited. The secondary personages of the novel include some interesting types of French humanity, and one that is truly pathetic. The descriptions of country life in a great French house are full of charm, and the conversations which are recorded as having taken place among the inmates have all the point and sparkle of truly French ideas about life, society and the complicated relations of human beings. The book makes very good reading, being just light enough for a summer novel while yet conveying a very wholesome moral. "The Idol" will appear with No. 18 of Vol. XIII. of ONCE A WEEK.

VISIBLE PROOF.

"Is Tomson a very clever rider?"
"All I know is that I saw him to-day on a banana peel, and he came to grief."

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass, Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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ALL ON A SUMMER'S NOON.

Honeysuckle swinging To and fro, To and fro,
Choicest perfume flinging
High and low,
With largess free-hearted,
Heedless that soon parted
May be her honeyed treasure
So gen'rous, she, of pleasure i

Elike a winged jewel
Flashing fire,
With heart of flame, and cruel
Wild desire,
Swift darts a humming bird
(Gold, green and azure blurred,
Raptured whirl of fury fine)
Fierce to quaff her golden wine.

III. Honeysuckle brightly Honeysuckle brightly
Smiles no more,
With rich perfume lightly
Flowing o'er.
Low she hangs her wounded head,
Mourning now her treasure fied.
Lightly flies the bird away,
For other sweets, another day.
—Helen Evertson Smith.

WHO IS THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN LIVING?

WOTIAN LIVING?

SOME OF THE ANSWERS RECEIVED.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":
Replying to your query, "Who is the Leading Woman of the Day?" I beg to answer, Miss Frances Willard. For the reason that she is the leader of the great moral and social forces of the day, not alone as the champion of temperance, but as the leader of the rule of right living. She reaches the Mothers of the world, and in these are the rules of living and temperance taught to the youth and to coming generations. W. W. SMITH.

youth and to coming generations. W. W. SMITH.

To the Editor of "Once A Week":
Queen Victoria of England and Empress of India,
of all the prominent and renowned women now living,
is by far the most remarkable, for several reasons:
At a tender age, called upon by Destiny to rule and
govern the greatest and most extensive nation of the
earth, she has, for over forty years, reigned in peace
and happiness, while nations round about her have fallen
into corruption, and are now hanging on the brink of
ruin. Not only has England maintained its position
during her reign, but to-day, owing to her individual
personage and her almost superhuman courage and wisdom, it has advanced to the front, and is now the most
formidable nation of modern times.

Not only is Queen Victoria remarkable as a ruler of
people—her motherly solicitude for her domestic ties
has long attracted the admiration and love of all nations
and all peoples.

Then, in tracing the true characteristics of the woman,
we find in her all those qualities most to be admired—
her love of simplicity, her motherly love and solicitude,
her boundless charities, ever concealed from a vain and

callous world, and finally, all those traits so necessary to wisely and successfully govern the most wonderful of nations.

WM. A. MCKENNA.

To the Editor of "Once a Week":

I take the liberty of sending an answer to your query,
"Who is the Most Remarkable Woman of the Time?"
I name Mrs. Grover Cleveland—not because she is the
President's wife, but because she has made such an excellent wife and mother, and has shown such a noble
character as First Lady of the Land—hoping I may
win the prize you offer.

I am a great admirer of Once a Week.

Mrs. Y. W. James.

To the Editor of "Once a Week":

I think Susan B. Anthony is the "Most Remarkable Woman of the Time."

She is a Sister of Mercy in its widest sense. A hater of wrong, a champion of the right, thinking no sacrifice too great to bring honor to womankind, she is a sweet, good woman, brave and strong and true, now in her seventy-fifth year, hale and hearty, still battling for the rights of humanity.

MARGARET E. PEEL.

To the Editor of "Once a Week":

My answer to your query, "Who is the Most Remarkable Woman of the Time?" is Miss Kate Field.

Why? She commands respect, in a true, womanly manner, yet does the work of a man of genius. May her name be the successful one.

M. V. Weller.

To the Editor of "Once a Week":

In answer to your query as to the "Most Remarkable Woman of the Time," I name Mrs. Hetty Green. She is remarkable because she is only a woman, and has made so much money at the same work as a man could—only she has kept hers. Hetty Green, I think, will win the day.

Jenny Weller.

Mrs. W. W. Smith proposes Mrs. Frank Leslie, and Mr. Brereton Byrd names Sarah Bernhardt, the actress.

TRANSPARENT BRICKS FOR HOTHOUSES.

TRANSPARENT BRICKS FOR HOTHOUSES.

EXPERIMENTS with glass building bricks were begun in 1891, by M. Falconier, an architect of Lyons. These bricks are hollow, being blown like bottles, and are given forms—such as cubes, hexagons, etc.—that permit of ready laying. A bituminous cement, with a base of asphalt, is used with them. The bricks serve as double windows, giving protection against both cold and heat; they are good insulators of humidity and noise, and they lend themselves readily to the decoration of buildings, either by their form or color. Many applications are foreseen. The bricks are neater than marble in meat markets, and especially adapted for bath halls, hothouses, hospitals, refrigerating establishments, and buildings in which absence of windows would be an advantage. A hothouse of glass bricks is of about ordinary cost, saves fuel, and resists hail.—Ashton (England) Reporter.

CERTAIN species of ants, says the Secontific American, make slaves of others. If a colony of slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to

their new home. One kind of slave-making ants has become so dependent on slaves that, even if provided with food, they will die of hunger unless there are slaves to put it in their mouths.

Algy—"Mamma, that big grocery boy must be awful 'fraid of me. He ran away from me like everything this morning."

Mamma—"Poor fellow! Had you done anything to

Algy-"No-o-o. But he had my top."

Admiring Mamma—"I don't think you have quite caught the expression of Evangeline's nose."

Artist—"Madam, Raphael couldn't do better than

Artist—"Because, madam, Raphael is dead."

"ONCE A WEEK" Horoscope Coupon.

Address, (Not for publication.) Year. Month. Day. Date of birth, State, or County.

THE greatly increasing interest felt in the art of Astrology has determined ONCE A WEEK to publish hereafter an Astrological Department, under the direction of a skilled astrologer. Any person filling out one of the coupons printed in each issue of ONCE A WEEK and sending it to this office, will have a brief Nativity published, in order of receipt, in the paper. Any person accompanying the coupon with one dollar, to pay the necessary expense, will have also published with the Nativity, a Chart of the Heavens at the time of birth. All new subscribers to ONCE A WEEK, so desiring, will be supplied with this Chart of the Heavens and a written Nativity, forwarded by mail.

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By "A Blue Apron."

Stuffed Pears.—Select a dozen fair-sized pears; leave on a part of the stalks and cut the pears across in two at two-thirds of their height; scoop out the pulp and cook them in a light syrup. Prepare a salpicon of fruits, made by cutting apples, peaches, etc., in small dice. Mix with pear marmalade and flavor the whole with kirsch. When the pears are cooked, drain, wipe and stuff them with the salpicon. Dress a layer of rice and cream with vanilla, on the bottom of a dish; arrange the pears in a circle on the edges of this and fill the centre with stewed apples shaped into balls with a vegetable spoon; some candied cherries washed in hot water, and pineapple cut in dice, the whole to be diluted with a little vanilla syrup. Serve separately a sauce made of strawberry pulp, diluted with as much syrup and flavored with maraschino.

A PERTTY GARNISHING OF EGG-YOLKS.
Boil the eggs hard and remove the

A PRETTY GARNISHING OF EGG-YOLKS.

Boil the eggs hard and remove the yolks whole. Stand them on rings cut from gherkins or beef-tongue; lay a fillet of anchovy in a circle round the yolks, a third of its height from the top. Sprinkle the inside of this circle with finely chopped truffles, and on top place a green pistachio nut.

Pear Marmalade.—Take four pounds of pears, pare, core and cut into quarters, putting each piece into water; when all are done, drain the fruit, and to each poun! put half a pound of preserving sugar. To the whole add the strained

juice of one lemon and the rind minced fine. Let the mixture stand to macerate for twenty-four hours; then boil for one hour after it boils, and put it into jars.

for twenty-four hours; then boil for one hour after it boils, and put it into jars.

Eggs with Macaroons.—This confection, which is nice and not expensive, requires to be cooked in a bain marie, or a tin vessel standing in boiling water. Take six eggs, two large macaroons, two ounces of powdered white sugar, and one ounce of candied lemon peel minced very fine. Put three of the whites of the eggs, well beaten, into a deep dish, and mix them with the macaroons, crushed to powder; add the candied peel, an ounce of clarified butter, and a saltspoonful of salt; then beat the remaining whites of eggs and the yolks of the six together. Now mix all the ingredients and set the dish in the bain marie, keeping the water boiling for an hour or longer. If preferred, the dish may be placed in a slow oven to bake. When nearly done, sift powdered sugar over and glaze it by passing a red-hot fire-shovel over till it browns.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A KNIFE-GRINDER.

A KNIFE-GRINDER.

If you wish to mystify some of your friends at dinner, offer to sharpen the knives of those who are sitting opposite to you on an improvised grindstone. In order to carry out your offer, place your plate on your knees, the hollow side toward you, and maintain it in a vertical position by holding firmly against the edge of the table and somewhat above it, as in the illustration. Now apply the blade of a knife to the edge of your plate, assuming the position of a knife-grinder, and working the legs in a short but rapid movement up and down. The plate will



the table it will appear to revolve on its axis like a wheel, and they will marvel greatly at your dexterity in keeping up the rapid rotatory movement.

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AN INTERESTING PROCESSION.

THERE IS little that is new under the Broadway sun; but, the other day, even the most confirmed denizens of the famous thoroughfare were startled out of their habital nil admirari attitude on seeing a novel procession defile down the street composed entirely of oval-faced Japanese ladies, all similarly and strikingly attired in a costume that was an odd compromise between American smartness and Oriental taste. The hats, with the



SKETCHED ON BROADWAY.

wide, upturned brims, cleft in the middle, and ornamented with "fly" bows of ribbon, perched effectively on the black chevelures, were unmistakably "New York." Long military-looking cloaks, with deep collars and shoulder capes, concealed the figures of the demure wearers, and lent them a jaunty "tourist" aspect. The native touch in their costumes was below these, in the scanty, clinging skirts, which they daintify lifted, displaying to full advantage the mincing into step that is peculiar to the women of their race.

Apparently unconscious of the attention they were attracting, they ambled along as happy as could be, try-



BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

But many a dim deep of the human heart
Thy search hath roamed, with saturnine unre
Borne where guilt, sorrow and passion
darkly flame;
And pondering long on these, at last thine art
Hath wrought, O Dante of drama, from such
quest
The shadowy cpic splendor of thy fame!

ing to see everything but the people, who gazed at them curiously from all sides. Serenely wending their way up the street, the red ornaments in their hats showing brightly as they moved, they were gradually lost in the

Of others, held like thee among the elect, Tragedians or comedians, we declare This man allures by his illustrious air, That by his polish, radiant yet correct. In him we applaud neat skill at stage-effect; In him rare pathos or exhilarance rare; One player is dainty; one is debonair; One claims encomium; one commands respect.

throngs of people coming and going; but not before the special artist of ONCE A WEEK had made a spirited sketch of the interesting procession, a reproduction of which is here given here given.

SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE ASSASSINA-TION OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

THE lurid event which threw the French nation into mourning last month is not one which can be consigned to oblivion as readily as most of the disastrous occur-rences which, from time to time, startle the world with



THE CHATEAU OF PRESLES IN 1884. Drawn by Presiden Carnot.

their direful unexpectedness. On page 4 some of the most thrilling scenes surrounding the assassination of President Carnot are reproduced.

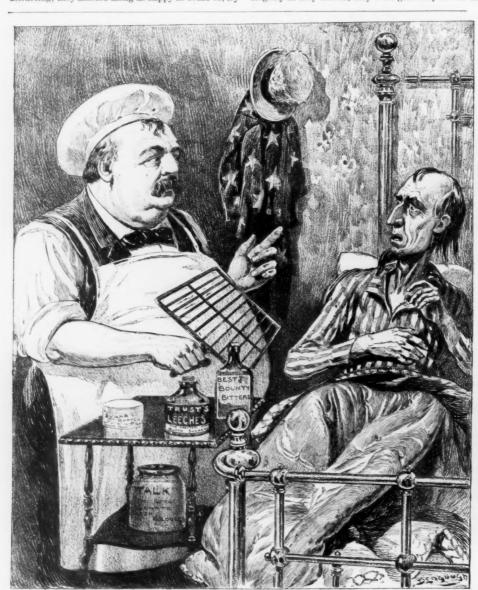
Of a different character, but of pathetic interest in the light of what has come to pass, are the two sketches given on this page, of residences of the deceased President, reproduced from drawings executed by himself.



THE CARNOT AND POTHIER HOUSES AT NOLAY.

Drawn by President Carnot.

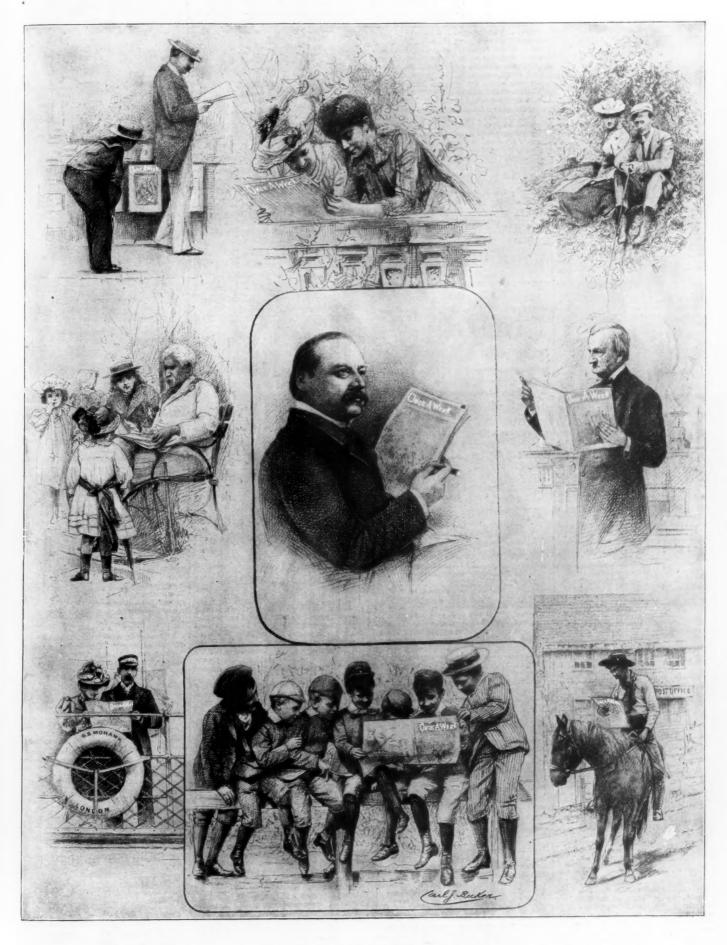
One represents the Chateau of Presles, which belonged to General Carnot and to Senator Carnot, the father of the President. It is situated in the Valley of the Essone, in the midst of a park, bounded on one side by a tributary of that river. The other sketch is of the Carnot and Pothier houses at Nolay, Cote-d'Or.



POOR HUNGRY U. S.

CHIEF COOK CLEVELAND.—"I'D LIKE TO COOK YOU UP A GOOD SQUARE TARIFF REFORM MEAL, SIR, BUT I MUST HAVE MY RAW MEAT-ERIAL ABSOLUTELY FREE, AND THE PERFIDIOUS SENATE BUTCHERS WON'T GIVE IT TO ME."

This Paper is read in every State and Territory of the Union,



And by Young and Old, Great and Small.

CHAT ABOUT DRESS.

SAW a very stylish cat the other day on Fourteenth Street—of all places for style—from whom, or, I suppose I should say from which, I was not above borrowing a hint of a charming color-scheme. Since we are counseled to go to the ant for wisdom, there is surely no reason why we may not take a lesson in taste from the gentle and graceful tabby. This particular specimen of her race was snowy white and exquisitely groomed on the day I saw her. She was sitting on the high stoop at her residence in a very dignified attitude, with her beautiful tail curled close round her paws. And such a tail! it was ringed from root



to tip at perfectly regular intervals with bands of tawny golden fur, surpassing in delicacy of tint all the colors of catdom I had ever beheld. I wonder if cats are vain. Puss certainly looked a trifle conscious of her beauty, which was admirably set off by a tour-de-cou of satin ribbon exactly matching the shade of tawny gold in her tail. It was tied in a smart bow a little to the left side, and I really can give you no idea how extremely chic the effect was. I gave a long, lingering look behind as I moved away, and immediately fell to mentally designing a white muslin frock, to be trimmed with gold satin ribbons round the tail and neck. I wondered if it would prove as becoming to me as Puss's costume was to her; but I must confess I had misgivings.



Everybody has gone to the sea-side; everybody, that is to say, of the feminine gender; for "pity 'tis 'tis true, 'tis pity," owing to hard times and other causes not specified, the "summer man" is, this year, about as extinct as the dodo. As a melancholy consequence his female prototype, with her trunks and trunks full of the sinews of war, finds herself in the unstimulating position of one who has no worlds to conquer. True, there is an

amount of deep satisfaction to be gained from exploiting the triumphs of her wardrobe before the admiring and envious eyes of her own sex; but even after having reaped a full measure of gratified vanity in this direction there must remain in her breast an unhappy sense of the inadequacy of results to the importance of her preparations. Some people are fond of asserting that women dress for each other, not for men. The statement is too sweeping. There is a marked difference of kind, as well as of degree, in male and female appreciation of artistic taste in dress, and of the two the former is more personally gratifying than the latter. A man, when he admires a woman's costume, regards it as a part of herself, and gives her the entire credit of its beauty and becomingness. The grace and distinction which she borrows from the perfection of the fit of her gown or the success of its color-scheme are interpreted by him as a charm inherent in the wearer. Feminine eyes look more dispassionately on fine clothes, chiefly as interesting problems in mental arithmetic, and significant manifestations of the power of the dressmaker. But, bless me—I shall be getting psychological directly if I pursue this train of thought any further, so let me hark back to my starting-point—the seaside.

The accompanying illustration shows an interesting group of a lady and three

hark back to my starting-point—the sea-side.

The accompanying illustration shows an interesting group of a lady and three children, attired in strict accordance with the latest Parisian ideas of what is most correct and suitable for wearing at a fash-



The girl in the middle is dressed in a nautical-looking costume of navy-blue flannel, with striped navy-blue and white flannel edging the skirt and forming the vest collar and lower half of sleeves. She wears a white Glengarry cap, with a navy-blue band, navy-blue stockings, and low tan shoes.

tan shoes.

The tallest girl, who stands at the back of the group, wears a charmingly made frock of fawn-colored pongor silk, having very wide balloon sleeves and pretty



BEACH ON THE



ionable watering-place. The lady is gowned in a deliciously cool-looking costume of pale-blue figured wash-silk, outlined at the seams and yoke with bleuat velvet, and having rosettes of the same terminating the stripes of velvet which are made to run up the skirt from the hem all round to about the line of the knee. The yoke and sleeves are of white chiffon, lined with thin blue silk. The hat is of butter-colored straw, trimmed with as of butter-colored straw, trimmed with bows of bleuat satin ribbon and a with bows of bleuat satin ribbon and a with bows of bleuat satin ribbon and a silve back, and the shoes a pale tan.

The gathered yoke is of pink silk, and the hat, of sunburn straw, is trimmed with a butterfly bow of pink ribbon. The gloves are white, the stockings black, and the shoes a pale tan.

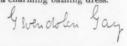
The butter-dopolored straw trimmed with a made of navy-blue serge, trimmed with white braid, which should be very wide for the larger one, and embroidered with large cross stitches in blue wool. The front of the child's dress laps over and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured with large cross stitches in blue wool. The front of the child's dress laps over and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured with large cross stitches in blue wool. The front of the child's dress laps over and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured with large cross stitches in blue wool. The front of the child's dress laps over and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured with large cross stitches in blue wool. The front of the child's dress laps over and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured with large cross stitches in blue wool. The front of the child's dress laps over and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured and fastens at the side. A really lovely costume for a girl of fourteen, pictured and spotted and e

The back of the train has an underflounce of lace, but there is no other trimming except the sprays of natural roses and foliage fastened on the front of the skirt. The orange blossoms that form the wreath are also natural.



An original promenade costume is the one shown, made of silk, trimmed with appliqué embroideries, which are first worked on silk, then cut out and gummed to stiff net, which is then securely sewn to the dress. The same style could be carried out in printed cotton materials. Round the neck an ecru lace cape is worn. The sleeves are wide, but not high.

I have never been an "athletic" woman in any particular sense, but I yearned to become one after seeing the lovely gymnasium dress, of which a sketch is given on this page. It was carried out in cardinal linen, with a collar and yoke of butter-tolored lace, and a silk sash. It occurred to me that the design might be slightly modified and applied to serge or flannel for a charming bathing dress.



"Do you know the value of an oath?"
"Don't know how it is wid most folks,
Jedge; but wid me, reckon it's sort of a
second nature."





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Mr. McFaddle-"Let me off at Mike-

Conductor-"We don't stop. This is a

Mr. McFaddle—"Thin, playse, sor, will yer stop long enough for me to tell Bridget that it's carried through I am?"

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CHESS AND CHECKERS.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

The champion chess-player of the United States is Albert B. Hodges, who in two matches with Mr. Showalter had a balance of one game on both matches. He has won the championship of New York State, and now the United States championship is his. Owing to the small margin in his match with Mr. Showalter, it is fair to presume that he will not be permitted to wear his new honor unchallenged.

The number of games finished in each section of the Continental Correspondence Tournament is: First, 16; second, 16; third, 25; fourth, 13; fifth, 24; total, 94 games. In section 5, Mr. J. I. Jellett of St. Paul, Minn, has won 4 and lost 0; in section 2, F. Smyth, Pennsylvania, has won 4 and lost 0. The report of the tourney will be finished in two weeks.

The continuous tournament at the Brooklyn C. C. still retains its popularity among the club members, the session completed June 30 showing their interest by the total of games played during the three months, the fifty-five contestants having played 3,235 games in that time.

Dr. Schaefer gave a simultaneous exhibition at the rooms of the West Side Checker Club, New York, recently, playing 16, winning 14 and drawing 2. Messrs. Lowden and Buttle were the fortunate ones.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 3.
By A. CORRIAS.
King to Kings second.

PROBLEM NO. 4.

The following interesting ending occurred at the St. Petersburg Club between two of its leading players. In all its bearings it is a splendid bit of chess strategy, every move on the part of Black being as strong as brilliant.

BLACK—MR. KOSTROWITSKY.



Black having the mo	ve, the game continued:
WHITE. 1 2 Q to Q B 3 Q to K B 4 Q x Q 5 Q x R	Q x B Q to Q Kt 7 Q x R R to K 8 (ch) P to B 7 (cis. ch

CHECKER PROBLEM No. 3.—By A. J. Heffit Black-11, 14, 27. King, 31.



For the first correct solution sent to the Editor of Once a Week, a copy of "Durgin's Single Cor-

GAME No. 3.—"RUY LOPEZ."

The following game of the supplementary match for the championship of the United States was played between Messrs. Hodges and Showalter.

	WHITE-HODGES.		BLACK-SHOWALTER.	
	1 P K 4	PK4	27 PR 5	BO1
	OKKIR3	OKt Bs	28 Kt Q 4	D D 2
	OD VIS	F. Do	90 D F 4	F D o
	4 DOO	DDA	29 P Kt 4 30 R R 3	R. R. S
	4 F Q 3	BB4	30 K K 3	BB3
	5 Castles	QKZ	31 R Q Kt 8	Kt Q 2
	6 P B 3	Castles	32 Kt B 5	BK4
	7 PQ4	B Kt 3	33 Q B 1	Kt B 1
i	8 P Q 5	Kt Kt 1	34 Q B 7	Kt Kt 3
	9 O Kt 0 2	PB3	32 Kt B 5 33 Q B 1 34 Q B 7 35 QxB P	R Kt 4
	10 B Q 3	POS	32 Kt B 5 33 Q B 1 34 Q B 7 35 Q x B P 36 B B 1 37 Q x Q Kt P 38 Q B 6 39 Kt x Kt	RKR1
	11 P B 4	OKt O2	87 OxO KtP	ORS
	19 Kt Kt 8	RK1	28 O B 6	Kt P 5
	10 D O 0	Kt D 1	39 KtxKt 40 Q B 2 41 RxR 42 P R 3 43 PxP 44 Q Q 2	Owter
	10 D Q 2	DOD I	40 O P a	DANE
ı	14 1 4 16 4	Puna	40 Q D 2	RBS
ı	15 Q K 1	BELD	41 EXE	PXR
1	16 KUXK P	S RXK!	42 P K 3	F Kt 5
	17 PxB	Kt R 4	43 PxP	PB6
1	18 K R 1	Kt B 5	144 Q Q 2	BB5
1	19 BxKt	PxB	45 Q K 1	BK4
ı	19 ExKt 20 Kt Kt 8 21 Q K 2	QR5	44 Q Q 2 45 Q K 1 46 R Q 3	RB5
١	21 O K 2	RK4		
ı	22 R K Kt 1	PxP	48 R R 3	ByKt P
1	23 B PxP	RR4	49 RxP	R Kt 3
1	24 R Kt 2		50 O K 2	QQB2
1	25 Q B 1	ORE	51 P P 7	OKLE
į	26 B K 2	QR6 KtK4	51 PR 7 52 RB 8	Resigns.

Mr. Dolley—"Miss Flypp, why do you suppose it is that there is no marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven?"
Miss Flypp(promptly)—"No men there."

Aunt Clo—"Oh, doctah! de boy hab dun gone an' swallered a bottle ob ink." Doctor—"Den gib him a sheet ob blot-ting paper,"

Guest (facetiously)—"There are two spoons in my cup of tea. What is that the sign of?"
Hostess's Little Son—"That's a sign that somebody else hasn't got any spoon."

CONSUMPTION

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THE CREATEST FAMILY WEEKLY. CAN YOU SUPPLY THE MISSING WORD?

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The sentence, a portion of which is given above, appears complete in this paper.

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